

Pantomime

April 29

Weekly

Siegfried Kolwquist



4 Jobs For You in the Movies!



Luring Lips



The Mother of
'Em All



Stepping Out

Alfred Cheney Johnson
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*Here's a charming rustic scene from "Back Pay" a picture made by Cosmopolitan Productions.
The Woman is Seena Owen, and the Man is Matt Moore.*

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Cliff

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

WELL, we ran into an entirely different kind of a press agent this week.

His name is Brown, first name Harry, but most people call him Joe. The star he represents is good, but Brown doesn't claim that for him. He told us a story about the fizzles this star of his had made. He admitted that when his star appeared in his first picture he was told that he was absolutely rotten, and after looking at the film he had to admit that the criticism was founded on good, sound fact.

Lew Cody is the man Brown represents. Bessie Barriscale was the star of the first picture in which Cody appeared. It was Miss Barriscale herself who told Cody he was rotten. A few weeks later Cody happened to see, in a little picture house, the first picture in which Miss Barriscale ever appeared.

"I saw your first picture, last night," he remarked to Bessie the next day on the lot.

"All right, Lew, you needn't say it," laughed the star. "That makes us even for I know I was rotten in that one."

Brown told us a lot of interesting stuff about Cody, and finally we got him to write it out so that the readers of PANTOMIME could appreciate it as much as we did—a player who hasn't been perfect throughout his whole career.

Then we learned that Brown is not really Lew's press agent but his partner. That makes it more interesting, but we prefer to think of him as a press agent. It is so unusual to find one who will admit that his boss has any faults.

* * *

SOME weeks ago we boasted about a feature we had made arrangements for—that of having a representative right along through the making of an entire feature production. We kept the production a secret because we didn't want the director and producer bothered about other representatives. Now we can let you in on the secret.

The production that you are going to be let right in on the inside of has been temporarily entitled "Brawn of the North." That may be the final title also. It is the second starring vehicle for Strongheart, the wonder dog of the movies, and it is to be another Lawrence Trimble—Jane Murfin production just as was "The Silent Call," which made the German police dog starred in it the most talked of animal that has ever appeared on the screen. Lawrence Trimble conceived the new production and wrote it. He is also going to direct it. It is more spectacular than "The Silent Call," for it was written with a full appreciation of the possibilities of Strongheart. As the name implies a great part of the action is laid in the snowy wastes of the far north, but it is a different northern story than has ever been put on the screen—there isn't a Northwest Mounted Policeman in the whole story.

Mr. Trimble is on his way to Canada there to get thirty "huskies" to be used in the production. "Huskies" are the breed of dogs that are used to draw sledges in the northern country, and Mr. Trimble intends to get five teams of them—among them the prize winners of last year's dog trials. From there he goes to Wisconsin to a wolf ranch, to get a pack of wolves. There are thirty-four in the pack that Trimble has picked out. Another stop will be made in Denver for a Siberian wolf that Mr. Trimble is anxious to possess, and then westward ho, to the Sierra Nevada mountains where most of the production will be made.

Eddie Barrell, who is representing PANTOMIME, went right along with Mr. Trimble. He is going to stick with him until the final cutting on "Brawn of the North" is done. And he is an expert with the camera and a mean wielder of the pen. Exactly when the first of his articles will appear cannot be stated for the length of time it will take to get the wolves and the dogs and the other animals needed and the production really started can only be guessed at.

Even, at that, the first installment which will cover a trip in a freight car across the country with thirty dogs and thirty-five wolves, ought to be an exciting start on an interesting series.

PRECARIOUS is the life of the press agent—and in a great many ways hard. There is one distributing company that less than a year ago found some lead pencils, or something else of like importance could not be found on the inventory, so the result was that there was a general house cleaning. All employees were bounced and a new force put in.

One member of the new force was good. Perhaps there were others, but this particular one was especially good. It took some time for this one to get into the swing of things, to learn what was what, and the rest of the things that go with a new job. Results were slow so this distributing company decided that it should make another change. It did. The person we thought was particularly good was dropped.

A new man was brought in. We know him and knew he also is good. But he has our sympathy. This distributing company wants him to handle fan paper, trade paper and newspaper publicity.

He is a good man and may be able to do it. But he is going to work. Incidentally—as to the person who was let go. We are not alone in our opinion of her worth. She wasn't out of a job a minute. For a star who knows good publicity work hired her the minute it was known she was free.

And a "personal publicity" representative is quite a bit higher in the social scale than general publicity agent in the world of press agents.

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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—deter-

mines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

Outside the Studio



The lady in the French heels and silk stockings is Marie Prevost, who used to play around on the Mack Sennett lot, but who now does "society stuff" for Universal. The other young woman in woolen hose, and not too pretty feet, is Priscilla Dean. Priscilla, incidentally, has some pretty nifty ankles of her own—when they're dressed up right.



Mebbe you know this man—and mebbe you don't. 'Tis none other than Ben Turpin—without his trick mustache. We're printing this picture, snapped on the front porch of Turpin's home, to prove to you that his eyes really are crossed.



Here are Douglas Fairbanks and his director, Allen Dwan, carting a box of armor plate for Doug's new picture into the studio owned by Doug and the "one and only Mary."



Usually it's Wallie who's in the picture—but this time it's Mrs. Wallie. Mrs. Reid was snapped jazzing herself with her husband's pet saxophone. The man is Lester Cuneo.



Richard Barthelmess finds himself being kissed 'on every occasion. Pauline Garon is shown here preparing Mr. Barthelmess' mouth for the salute.

Entries for the First of the

By CHARLES SINGER

ENTRIES for the first of the four jobs in the movies to be given by Harry Rapf and Warner Brothers to winners of PANTOMIME'S "Big Four" contest close this week. To receive consideration for a place in the cast of "From Rags to Riches" entries must not be postmarked later than midnight next Sunday, April 30.

Mr. Rapf, the producer of the four pictures in which the winners will appear, and S. L. Warner of the distributing company, started their work of judging the entries last week. The wholly unexpectedly large number of en-

tries which had been received up to that time showed that the ten days allotted for the judging of the candidates was altogether too short, so the two men, who are the sole judges, started their work last week.

The fact that they have started does not mean that the late entries will be slighted. The judges have been dividing the entries already received into the classes of types to which they naturally belong, and grading them in that class. As each new entry comes in between now and next Sunday night they will be added to their proper "type" class and graded. When the last entry has arrived, the one standing highest in each class will be selected for final judging. The one who grades highest in this final choosing is the one who will go into the cast of "From Rags to Riches."

Bobbie Smith,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Margaret Collins,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Ann Collins,
Baltimore, Md.

Edna Bernice Collins,
Haileyville, Okla.

Lily Cooper,
New York City.

"Little Daisy,"
St. Louis, Mo.

Elsie Sumpter,
Tulsa, Okla.

Marion E. Woods,
Lockport, N. Y.

Billie Becher,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Adelia Frisby Banta,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Florence Stimpson,
New York City.

Becky Bauer,
San Francisco, Cal.

"Big Four" Close This Week

Publisher of Pantomime.

Wesley Barry, who will be the featured player in this first production, is already in New York, waiting for the start of the production which will take place on May 15. He is evincing the liveliest sort of interest in the work of grading the contestants and plans a wholly professional reception for the lucky winner when she arrives at the studio.

Once more it is necessary to emphasize the necessity of each entry putting her name and address on the back of each photograph submitted for the contest. Photographs are continuing to come with no mark of identification on them, and perhaps in the same mail is a letter from the sender, with the entry blank and the information required. However, it is impossible to know which letter belongs to which photographs, for very seldom do they

arrive on the same mail.

Write your name and address plainly on the back of each photograph you submit, and for consideration for the cast of the first production your letter must be post-marked not later than midnight, April 30.

All the entries so far received, and those that come in within the time limit for "From Rags to Riches," with the single exception of the lucky winner, will be considered for the second of the productions along with the others received after the first winner is selected.

Lorraine Galeener,
Oklahoma City, Okla.



Autumn Shannon Sims,
Indianapolis, Ind.



Jeanette Vypyska,
New York City.



Helen Jane Caldwell,
Breckinridge, Texas.



Audrey Neely,
Long Beach, Cal.



Marguerite Pontiere,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Lee Walker,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Jane Baim,
New York City.



Jeanne Dwyer,
Lake Forest, Ill.



Gina Sylvia,
Brockton, Mass.



Ruth Lockwood,
New York City.



Hazel Kennedy,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Filming The Great Outdoors

By CHARLES L. GARTNER.



OUT in the biggest motion picture studio in Hollywood, California, there is a remarkable person whose acquaintance is eagerly sought by almost every red-blooded man and woman west of the Mississippi! He is a man who has at his fingertips the location of many quiet nooks where the biggest trout can be found; where deer, bears, wild cats, foxes and mountain lions can be hunted without fear of a stray shot from a fellow man; where the whale, shark and tuna fish are in abundance; where one could find perpetual Winter—or Summer; where one could find the Land of Solitude and enjoy it to the utmost!

The man with the card index to the sportsman's paradise is George Williams, "location man" for Paramount Pictures made at the Lasky Studio.

George's job is to find virgin spots in the great out-of-doors, spots theretofore untrod by man; corners of the country where the breaking of a twig under a man's foot sends vari-colored birds shrieking to the skies; mountain fastnesses where the sniff of a human by four-footed creatures is greeted with puzzled grunts and growls; places where animal trail is unmarked by burn shrubbery, tin cans and niches in trees! And all for the eye of the motion picture camera!

Himself an ardent sportsman (he would have to be in order to fully appreciate, and hold, his job) George has the walls of his little office at the studio covered with the trophies of many a hunt. And in a corner stands that wonderful file, as complete as George can make it. The file is kept locked, for even the office boy, before going on his vacation, was found trying to peek at its contents.

I saw George at the studio and asked him to tell me something of his work.

"Some people," George said, "seem to think that when we take a scene showing one of our players catching a fish, that we fake the incident by tying a dead fish on the hook and just photographing the action of pulling the fish out of the water. Or that when we show somebody shooting a bear, we use blank cartridges and a tame Bruin who will roll over and play dead when he is told to.

"Nothing doing! If we are 'shooting' a fishing scene, a real, live fish has to be caught right out of the water. And if we take a scene showing the hunting of a bear, we just pack up our shooting irons with the camera and go out and hunt one!

"I'll admit that there are some film companies who fake a great deal of that stuff, but every big, reputable firm always takes



A "Desert" discovered by the location man twenty miles from Los Angeles.

the real thing. The picture-going public just won't stand for anything else but the genuine article. A few years ago we could—and did use stuffed lions and bears that the hero and heroine wrestled around with for a few hundred feet of film. But that was before the novelty of motion pictures had begun to wear off. But now!—You'd be surprised what a flood of letters we get from the movie fans when they suspect that some scene in a picture is faked.

"My position as location hunter is a comparatively new one. That is, until recently the job was considered non-essential. Up to a short time ago, when a director wanted to take an exterior scene he just rode his company out to the country a few miles, picked out a good-looking spot, and 'shot.' But an observing person, watching the films

One of the trout streams which the location man discovered. No fake about this!

shown at his local theatre, would see the same terrain in Scotch, Irish, African and even Russian (supposedly) made scenes. The producers heard the howl that went up from the movie fan's even out here in California and decide that something had better be done. That's where I came in.

"At first, I just had to find pretty spots away from the beaten paths, places that were unfamiliar to the general public. But I soon found out that other companies were doing the same thing, and for a while it looked as if we would all get back to where we had started. A consultation was held and it was decided to give me almost unlimited scope in my operations. At the same time I started my file.

"Now, when a director comes to me and says that he is going to take some trout fishing scenes I turn to my index and give him the location of a stream in the mountains where I can guarantee that no one outside of the Lasky company has set foot. Furthermore, I can assure him that he won't have to grind out hundreds of feet of film in order to get the hero in the act of landing a fish. The amount of trout always brought back by the director on location journeys of this sort is silent proof of the efficiency of my card file.

"The same system is applied when scenes of a hunt are to be taken. My file contains many cards cross indexed with the position of the finest spots for bear, rabbit, fox, etc., hunting. And if any one doubts the authenticity of the hunt scenes taken in our pictures, just let him write to Cecil B. de Mille, director general of our company, and ask about a moose chase Mr. de Mille and his company recently indulged in. Or ask Director George Fitzmaurice what a time he had filming a fox hunt used in 'Forever.'

"I'll admit that some scenes have to be faked. But it is only through necessity, as in the case of a recent Cecil B. de Mille production. Mr. de Mille was using some lions in one of his spectacular pictures. Incidentally, you can't convince me that a full grown lion, tame or otherwise, won't rip you to pieces if he gets the chance. Mr. de Mille wanted to inject a bit of comedy into the film by having one of the lions lick the feet of a sleeping negro. But the dusky youth refused to perform. Mr. de Mille said: 'Why, he won't hurt you. He's perfectly tame. He was raised on milk.' The

(Continued on page 30)

Afternoon Stuff

Below is Betty Ross Clarke in dark blue crepe. The overdrape discloses bands of gray and rows of buttons like little black sentinels guarding the severe simplicity of the frock. The circular neck is banded with soft gray crepe.



Here's little Mary Philbin, perfectly glorious in a gown of brozen taffeta, trimmed with accordion pleated bands, and a vestee of white lace.

Agnes Ayres likes a crushed raspberry Salome velvet bodice gown with a girdle draped at the side, and changeable marquisette flowing sleeves, finished with copper lace.



Bebe Daniels, on the left, doesn't have to dress up at all to look pretty. She calls this particular frock a "rag." However! It's made of black taffeta, with a whole lot of lace overdrape, and fur trimming. The stockings are lace, and the shoes of black satin, with rhinestone buckles. Bebe designed the hat herself.



Colleen Moore, at the right, looks very chic, don't you think, in this afternoon gown of gray crepe and cerise chiffon? A gray French hat, which goes with the gown, has a perky bow of cerise ribbon at one side.

"Go-Get-'Em Hutch"

By HERBERT CROOKER

Adapted From the Pathe Photoplay Serial By Frank Leon Smith

CHAPTER I

Chained to the Anchor

OF all the ports of the Seven Seas there is none more rich in romance than the mighty harbor of New York. New York with its ever-changing skyline—New York with its lighted towers that mariners can see for miles away—New York with its hundreds of ships, ships always passing—ships that pass in the night!

But the story we have to tell is of the Bainbridge Shipyards. It is not the biggest company in the field, but it has a reputation for making fine ships. Dariel Bainbridge, the last of the fine old family, and owner of the shipyards, was preparing to christen a new vessel as it was about to leave the ways.

Now should one look toward a quiet corner in the yard, one would see two whose greatest wish is that she fails—Fay Vallon, owner of the land on which the shipyard is built, and Hilton Lennox, attorney for the McClelland Line. As they watched, a third party in workman's clothes joined them.

"Well, Mott," greeted Lennox, "as you know, Dariel Bainbridge's lease expires at two o'clock, and if the ship isn't launched on time her company will have to go out of business—which means something to all of us." Mott smiled significantly at his companions.

A few moments later there was a great stir among the workmen in the yard. A limousine had driven up and Dariel Bainbridge with a number of her friends alighted. The girl carried a basket in her arm from which peeped a suspicious looking bottle—but for the christening. As the laughing and chatting group walked towards the ways, a husky workman passed.

"Hello, Jones!" greeted Dariel. "Is everything in readiness?"

"Yes, Miss," came the respectful reply, "we are ready any time you give the signal."

Dariel smiled her approval and flushed a dainty pink as she saw that the young man was still gazing at her in admiration.

"Who is that, Dariel?" laughed a companion. "You seem to have quite an admirer!"

"Oh!" smiled the girl, "he's down in the books as J. Jones, and he's our champion riveter. But, of course, that means nothing to you."

Soon the hour approached and the signal for the launching was given. The band struck up a lively tune and Dariel crashed her bottle of extra-dry against the bow of the new ship. But Mott had done his work well. The vessel moved just three inches down the ways—and then stopped. Dariel was in a quandry, until Jones came running up to her.

"Some one has put a bar in the way, Miss Bainbridge," he announced, "but if you say the word I'll cut it." There was a protest from some of the workmen—it might mean death—but the appealing glance in the girl's eyes was enough. Jones left her and dashed down the ways.

Three minutes were all that were necessary for Jones; three minutes of hot, stifling work. He leaped aside barely in time. The steaming bar of iron snapped and whizzed passed Jones' head and with a roar the vessel slid down the ways into the river.

In the company's office, immediately after the launching, Dariel held an important conference. Fay Vallon and Hilton Lennox sat before her.

"I am sorry that the Bainbridge shipyards must go," smiled Fay, "but your lease expires today."

"But we will renew the lease immediately," replied Dariel, "as soon as Mr. Lennox pays us for the new ship."

"Really, Miss Bainbridge, you have been misinformed," smiled Lennox. "The McClelland Line isn't buying any more ships. Indeed, we'd be glad to sell some. You surely know the bad condition of the shipping business."

"But we have your signed contract to buy the ship," Dariel protested. "Contract? What contract?"

"If the McClelland Line does not buy that ship, we cannot pay Miss Vallon, and the Bainbridge Shipyards must go out of business."

"Don't worry, Miss Bainbridge, the McClelland Line is buying that ship and paying for it." All three turned to the door and gazed at the newcomer.

"Jones!" exclaimed Dariel.

"Good Lord! Hutch McClelland!" ejaculated Hilton Lennox.

"The law obliges you to grant Miss Bainbridge three days' grace," continued the newcomer. "She will pay you tomorrow. And, Lennox, I authorize you to have our check here tomorrow without fail. Now, good-bye."

After Fay Vallon and Hilton Lennox had departed, it didn't take long for Hutch to explain to Dariel that after a four years' absence abroad, he had returned unannounced, and was working incognito to learn labor conditions before assuming control of the McClelland Line.

"Years ago your father and my father were partners," Hutch concluded, "why can't you and I be partners, like they were?"

Dariel smiled. Both shook hands and the partnership was formed.

A little later, as Lennox was angrily leaving the yard with Fay Vallon, he was approached by Mott.

"Well, Mr. Lennox," grinned Mott, "I'm fired! Guess we didn't know who were were up against, eh?"

"You're working for me, now, Mott," snarled Lennox. "None of McClelland's ships must sail. You know, seacocks let in water, and ships can sometimes be cut adrift in the fog." Mott grinned. He was a young man of great understanding.

That afternoon, Hutch McClelland and Dariel Bainbridge completed their inspection of one of the McClelland ships which was about to be loaded with a cargo for China. They were about to leave the wharf when one of the watchmen overtook them.

"I think I saw Mott go aboard the Northern Light a while ago," he told Hutch. "He's been fired, ain't he?"

"He has," Hutch answered grimly. "Come on, Miss Bainbridge. We'll both go aboard and you can wait on deck while I go below and investigate."

The two young people climbed the gangway and walked toward one of the forward hatches. Dariel insisted upon accompanying Hutch down the first ladder. Both stopped in their tracks.

"Listen!" exclaimed young McClelland. "It sounds like running water! I'll bet he's opened the seacocks! The ship will sink!"

Leaving Dariel, Hutch rushed below.

Meanwhile, as a heavy fog reached the upper harbor, Mott had completed his task. When Hutch arrived below the water line, he found the compartments completely flooded with the water still rushing in. Not hesitating, he plunged in and swam to the seacocks of the compartment, then the next compartment, and then the next.

As his task was about completed, he thought he could hear a sound of hammering on deck. The workmen had all left—who could it be? Wet to the skin he climbed the companionways back to the main deck.

"Dariel!" he shouted. In the intense fog he could not see the girl.

"Here I am," came the cheerful answer. A feeling of satisfaction passed over Hutch. The girl's voice had registered a glad and relieved tone upon hearing of his safe return.

"Why, we're moving?" he exclaimed as he joined her. "That explains the noise I heard. I'll bet that Mott cut the hawsers!"

"What are we going to do?" cried the girl. "We'll have a collision in this fog!"

"We must anchor before we drift out into the channel where the liners are." Hutch ran up on the forecable and inspected the anchor chain and the hawse pipe. Then he rejoined Dariel.

"You'll have to help me," he announced. "You watch the anchor go over the side and keep the chains clear and I'll go down below into the chain locker and work the brakes that control the chain."

With that, young McClelland left her and ran below. Once in the chain locker, he made himself familiar with all the levers before putting any of them into play.

And then, on deck, suddenly from out of the mists, Dariel was startled to see a huge liner forging its way steadily through the fog and looming up closer and closer to the ship. She screamed, but it was useless. There was no one to hear her. As she turned again, she saw that the vessel was almost upon them—and then, with a terrible crash came the collision.

The shock overthrew the girl, and she tripped the trigger of the anchor



Dariel smiled her approval and flushed a dainty pink as she saw that the young man was still gazing at her.

inadvertently in her fall. As she fell on the anchor she became caught in the chain and was swept over the side of the ship. Down rumbled the anchor and chain, hitting the water with a resounding splash, and carrying the helpless form of Dariel.

In the chain locker, Hutch McClelland had been overthrown by the collision and was trying to pick himself up from the mass of chains and tackle. But just then, the whirling chain picked up a capstan bar and pinned Hutch against the bulkhead in a terrible position. He was utterly helpless and could not move.

CHAPTER II

The Falling Wall

Hutch tugged like a Titan in his attempts to free himself from the capstan. He could not imagine what had happened. Suddenly the ship began to list slightly to port, causing the capstan to loosen a bit. With a terrific effort Hutch McClelland freed himself.

With haste he made his way up the small hatchway to the deck of the vessel and stood amazed at the sight which met his eyes. The rail on the port side of his ship was demolished and the side of the ship, itself, was crushed in. He could see the other vessel slowly receding into the fog.

But where was Dariel Bainbridge? She was not on the forecastle where he had left her. He rushed to the bow of the ship and looked over the rail into the water. A shudder of fear passed through him as he saw Dariel's hat floating in the water beside the stem of the ship. Without any more hesitation, Hutch climbed over the ship's rail and dove into the water. In a moment he had found the girl struggling with the chain under the surface of the water, and in another moment he freed her and swam with her.

The next morning Dariel Bainbridge, none the worse for her experience, called at the office of the McClelland Line. As she waited for Hutch McClelland, Hilton Lennox passed through the waiting room, nodded, and entered his private office. Once inside, he determined to delay the payment of the check and thus cause the girl to lose her option on the land owned by Fay Vallon.

"Good morning! Did you get your check yet?"

Dariel turned and beheld the smiling face of young McClelland. The girl explained that Lennox had seen her but had not yet presented her with the check, as Hutch had ordered. The young man left for a moment and returned shortly with the coveted check. Lennox watched him from the doorway as he gave the check to Dariel.

"Now, Miss Bainbridge," Hutch said, "I advise you to get in touch with Miss Vallon as soon as possible and renew your lease on the shipyard's land."

As Hutch walked to the door with Dariel, he glanced over his shoulder and saw Hilton Lennox examining a paper lying beside the chair that Dariel had just left. Bidding good-bye to the girl, he hurried back to Lennox's office just in time to see that gentleman thrusting the paper into his safe.

"What have you got there, Lennox?" Hutch asked.

"The new option," stammered Lennox, turning. "Miss Bainbridge forgot it and I was putting it in here for safe keeping."

"Kindly give it to me," smiled McClelland. "You know, we can't afford to have anything happen to it—for Miss Bainbridge's sake—so I'll just take care of it and deliver it to her."

Reluctantly, Hilton Lennox handed over the option. He watched



There, alone, the two grappled desperately, and at first it looked black for Hutch.



A ladder was placed against the opposite wall and Hutch scrambled up.

Hutch pass through the reception room to the elevators, then quickly grasped the telephone and gave a number.

"Hello, Fay?" he asked, as soon as the operator had gotten his number. "This is Hilton. Dariel is on her way to see you with the check, and Hutch McClelland is following with the option. Close up immediately and meet me at the pier."

Fay Vallon understood perfectly. In fact, she hunted up the familiar sign, "Out For the Day," and hung it on the outside of the door to her private office—then left through another door. As she was taken down on the elevator, Dariel was coming up. The latter entered the office, and finding that Miss Vallon was not there, decided to wait for her.

Now it so happened that five minutes later on a lower floor of the Claymoor Building, a fire broke out. The janitor, discovering the fire, rushed to the alarm and then told the switchboard girl to clear the building. In Fay Vallon's office, Dariel Bainbridge sat, quite oblivious of any danger. The telephone began to ring wildly, and Dariel glanced at it, but decided that an incoming call was none of her business—she paid no attention and resumed reading her paper.

An employee of the building rushed through the smoky corridors trying the doors, but when he got to Fay Vallon's office he saw the sign, "Out For the Day," and hurried to the next office. Dariel, sitting waiting, suddenly heard the fire engines pumping and the shouts from the street below. She ran to the window and looked out. Startled at the sight which met her eyes, she rushed to the door but found it locked. Already the smoke from the hallways and the windows below were beginning to enter the room.

Meanwhile, McClelland, hurrying to overtake Dariel and return the option, sped through the streets in his roadster. Coming to the street where the engines were pumping and the policemen were holding the crowds back, he sprang from his car and forced his way through. Looking up, he imagined he could see Dariel through the smoke waving her arms frantically—yes, he was sure of it!

"Hey, you!" he shouted to a fireman. "Get a ladder! There's a girl up there!"

His shouts were not in vain, for in another moment a long scaling ladder was brought forward and leaned against the building. But it was no use. The flames from the floor below licked hungrily at the ladder—it could not last long enough for Hutch to reach the girl.

"I've got an idea" he shouted. "Lean this ladder on the opposite wall. It isn't so far away. I'll climb up, and when I get to the top you fellows flop the ladder to the other side. I can get the girl on the ladder and then you can swing us both back."

"The guy's a nut!" one of the fire-fighters ejaculated, but Hutch insisted. In another moment the ladder was placed against the opposite wall and Hutch scrambled up. The crowd watched breathlessly as the firemen "flopped" Hutch across. Before they knew what had happened, Hutch had seized Dariel and waved for the firemen to pounce them from the blazing wall. A lusty cheer went up when the young man, with Dariel, climbed down to safety.

While all this was going on, Mott, working in the interests of Hilton Lennox, was attempting to make the crew of the S. S. Claire McClelland dissatisfied. There was no doubt that he had made a strong impression upon them, and knowing them perhaps better than they did themselves, he left, giving them time to think over their grievances among themselves.

(To be continued next week)

Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



Paragraphs

from Hollywood

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is going to park his derby, funny shoes and baggy pants in mothballs and do "Punchinello" in a multiple-reel-production after he finishes his last First National comedy. The picturization of the melancholy clown has long been his ambition and it promises a new Chaplin, or rather the old Chaplin of laughter—bordered pathos a hundred-fold more pantomimic perfect. "I feel Punchinello here," he says simply, with a hand over his heart. One day, a long while ago, he stopped on the street to show some friend his interpretation of



Charlie is going to desert the big shoes.

role and all the passing motorists parked and watched him. I tell you truthfully there wasn't a dry eye, for Chaplin has that particular gift of pathos that is so often just beneath the surface of comedy.

Mary Pickford visited Charles Ray's studio yesterday and took him the manuscript of "A Tailor-Made Man," which she recently sold him. Then he and Mrs. Ray retaliated by dropping into the new Pickford-Fairbanks studio to give it a look—see.

Baby Peggy Montgomery, the three-year-old comedienne, held court in the lobby of the Grauman Theatre yesterday afternoon. She is appearing in person every night this week on the big stage, reciting a little speech.

When the Duchess De Lante, Lady Sackville and Lord Lady Popham Young visited the Guy Bates Post "set"—with Lady Popham Young carrying the lap-dog given her by the Prince of Wales—Post's press-agent, fearful of a hoax, looked 'em up in the Almanac de Gotha. Yep, they're O. K.

BILL HART expects to get back into harness in April. In the meantime he is admiring the frilly baby-clothes Winifred is making. Somehow I just can't picture that he-man doing the colic-tread in the wee sma' hours, can you?

Maurice Tourneur has been engaged by Goldwyn to direct Hall Caine's "The Christian" to be filmed in England. We are all having guessing-parties, wondering whom the featured players will be. I'm rooting for Richard Dix. Not that my opinion seems to sway the producers very much.



Bill is interested in baby clothes.

Myrtle Lind will support Bull Montana in his first starring comedy, "A Ladies' Man." He is. All the girlies here are crazy about him.

Mabel Normand is planning to go abroad when she finishes "Suzanna."

Mary Miles Minter, registered as Miss Juliet Shelby, thought to escape unnoticed for a vacation in Honolulu with her grandmother. But they lost her Japanese "sleeve" dog en route to the Golden Gate and got so excited, wirelessly back for him—or "it"—that they forgot and used their real names. So it all came out. You can't get away from publicity, no matter how weakly you try.

There is a rumor that Marshall Neilan and Norma and Constance Talmadge will go to Metro when their First National contracts expire. Personally, I don't place much credence in the report—but if it does happen, I can say I told you so.

Edwin Carewe celebrated his 37th birthday thank goodness, here's one who will give his age! A star shower—composed of Alice Lake, Kenneth Harlan, Gaston Glass, Rosemary Theby and the Beerys—descended upon him, gift-laden.

When Bryant Washburn went on his personal-appearance tour he took a new idea along with him. Instead of the bromidic speeches of the past, he gave a short talk on the scenic beauties of California—and unreel a film showing them. Hooray for Bryant—he's a real booster.

Harry Carey has signed up with Robertson-Cole and starts soon on "The Battle," which, from the title, must be another of those crimson-corpuscle affairs. Trust Harry to sling a mean weapon.

Ran across another of Doug's unpublicized generosity the other day. Met a youngster named Bert Hall who cherishes a \$50 Liberty Bond given him by Doug when that gentleman was in East St. Louis making his Bond tour a few years back. He was so impressed with the fact that the boy had saved up his few dollars to buy a small bond, that he presented him with an extra one at his own expense.

Colleen Moore is all excited because she's going to have a wedding in her family—well almost in her family. Her chauffeur recently inherited \$25,000 and most immediately acquired a fiancée. Colleen is taking all the Goldwyn celebs. to the wedding.

Anna Q. Nilsson will play with Constance Binney in "Pink Gods and Blue Demons" which sounds like somebody has forgotten that this is supposed to be a dry country. Miss Binney has been vacationing for six weeks in New York.

"Granny" Anna Townsend, who plays with Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy," gave a dinner for him and cooked it all herself. Granny is 79.

"K. C. B." (Kenneth C. Beaton) the celebrated writer, is now in our midst and from the way he is raving about our climate. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if its virtues break into print some day.

THEY'VE moved Spain to the Lasky lot, where Rodolfo Valentino is throwing the bull in Ibanez' "Blood and Sand." Also they've changed the cast—again. Now Nita Naldi will play Donna Sol and Lila Lee will be Carmen.

I spent the day with Lila Lee and have a pain (guess where?) from eating too much of her home-made fudge. Lila has a particular flair for making fudge—and I have a particular flair for the-day-after aches.

Leatrice Joy and Matt Moore are working for Mickey Neilan now, in his production of "Her Man." Sounds like another of those Civil War of the kitchen affairs. Moore plays a small town newspaper editor.

There is a possibility that Goldwyn Pictures will hook up with the First National. I've chased the rumor for several miles and haven't been able to run it down yet, so I pass it on to you with a few grains of salt. Maybe—and maybe not. It couldn't hurt F. N.—and it might help Goldwyn.

Rex Ingram may produce the new Ibanez novel in Spain.

Officials of a bank and trust company gave a brilliant dinner, at which each had to prepare one course. Theodore Kosloff, who is something of a money-genius in his spare time, donated the hors d'oeuvres and accompanied it with an interpretative dancing number called "The Siren Song of the Caviare."

Louis Burston, producer, was given a buffet breakfast by Gareth Hughes, Bessie Love and the rest of his company, in honor of his (deleted) birthday.

Molly Malone has met the "flu" and conquered it.

EVERY Tuesday afternoon, at the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood, an "act" is staged showing "How Movies Are Made." This week it was Priscilla



It was Priscilla Dean Day at the legion.

Dean's turn and she enacted a scene from her current picture for the enraptured tourists, who fought over the strips of the film. One portly dowager nearly cried because she thought they weren't going to give her "just a tiny piece to put in an envelope and send the folks back home."

Seena Owen has sued her husband for divorce, naming Estelle Taylor. It's the first divorce suit we've had in a long

time and we're almost as excited about it as if it were a banker or a preacher or mere people.

A World of Headaches

THE other night I was walking down the Rialto with Frank Mayo. It was really the first evening of Spring as we know it in New York. One of those balmy evenings of which folks in California are so fond of telling us exist nowhere else on earth. But having lived in California myself once, I happen to know that New York has just as much climate as anywhere on earth—sometimes.

We had'n't strolled far before we ran into a journalist. That's what they call a newspaper man who hasn't any job. It happened that Mayo knew him, and we stopped to chat.

"I've a beastly headache," said the writer person.

"I have one, too," said I.

"Must be catching," said Mayo, "because it so happens that my own hurts."

Followed a lengthy discussion as to what causes headaches.

"Maybe Mr. Volstead has something to do with it," Mayo suggested.

"Nothing doing," said I. "Not with newspaper men. They can't afford it. It is hard enough for them to scrape up the price of a regular meal—except, perhaps, on Saturday night, about three minutes after they get their pay checks, and before their creditors arrive to collect what's been borrowed during the week."

And take it from one who knows, after you get acquainted with the "gentlemen of the Press," as the politicians call them just before election, you'll know there's more truth than poetry in that statement.

Lots of people think there's something romantic about newspaper men. There isn't. As a matter of fact, a newspaper man is nothing but a refined class of tramp. No newspaper man ever has, or ever will "stay put."

But you've got to hand it to them in one particular. Whenever you meet a newspaper person, you meet a past master at the gentle art of separating an acquaintance from meals.

And that's exactly what happened to Mayo.

But Frank is a good natured chap, and didn't mind. As soon as he found out what was what, he led us down on Forty-ninth Street—that avenue of French and Italian cafes owned and operated by Greeks, where you get everything from sardines to apples, ice-cream and hold-your-nose cheese, for six bits.

We had absorbed a flock of celery, several dozen olives, a gallon or two of soup, and three or four yards of bread, when we heard a tinkling laugh.

It was Dagmar Godowsky—in other words, Mrs. Mayo.

Mrs. Mayo, as you probably know, is just about as famous as her husband. She's a musician—like her distinguished father, and before she settled down to be a wife, toured the country herself, with great success. Incidentally, she's very, very lovely.

You might imagine that she'd be a little bit up-stage. Wrong. She's just regular folks. She sat down at the table with us, and laughed and chatted just as if we were all members of the family.

We wound up the evening by going over to the Universal studio to see the first showing of a new release. Wish I could tell you the name, but I can't—for the very good reason that they haven't put one on it yet. You know, they do things funny in those exchanges. Sometimes they decide on a name in the morning, change it before night, and then put it on again next morning.

After the showing we went upstairs to



PANTOMIME'S office, and the first thing that hit Frank's eye was a poster telling all about the great contest.

"How's it getting along," he asked. "All right," I said.

Then Mayo looked over the list of stars in the race and compared them with the

number of votes given for a four dollar subscription—twenty-seven hundred. "Gee," he said, "a fellow can get to the top of that list darn quick by buzzing a dozen or so of his friends for subscriptions." Then Mrs. Mayo spoke up: "Make it thirteen, Frank," she said, "and then you will get ten dollars besides."

"How's that?" asked Mayo. I explained that subscriptions totalling fifty dollars sent in before midnight of May fifteenth bring an extra prize of ten dollars in gold.

"Gosh," said Frank, "how I wish I could get in the game, but movie stars are barred, and I'm out of the running. Gee, I'm sorry, and here's summer coming on I sure could use a new car."

There are lots of people who feel the same way about it as Mayo does. But those others have a little something on Frank in this particular regard.

Because anybody who isn't connected with the Movies can get in the race for those six automobiles and ninety-four phonographs. And the leaders in that race aren't very far out in front at that. It would be a cinch to catch them.

Get a few of your friends to subscribe to PANTOMIME—and the first thing you know a chauffeur will drive a big automobile up to your door. And that automobile will be yours.

Stars in the \$22,000 Race

Name	Votes	Name	Votes
Edward G. Miller, Jersey City, N. J.	38,390	J. P. Oppenheim, New York City	860
Jose G. Byrd, Hoopeston, Ill.	29,300	Florence Berger, Green Island, N. Y.	740
Isabelle Caywood, New York City	22,980	Christian L. Christensen, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y.	680
Louis Rumpakis, Portland, Ore.	21,540	Chiclets Hendricks, Yonkers, N. Y.	650
G. Reichman, Bronx, New York	21,270	Mrs. U. R. Schmittroth, Twin Bridges, Mont.	630
Otto A. Damke, Findlay, Ohio	20,750	Jose A. Rivera, Baltimore, Md.	620
Jos. Shutter, Philadelphia, Pa.	16,060	Charles Kent, Newport, R. I.	590
George Banta, Long Island City, N. Y.	14,960	Donato Santoro, Waterbury, Conn.	530
Adele I. Nixon, Dayton, Ohio	13,740	Italo De Berardinis, Brooklyn, N. Y.	510
M. Saifuddin, New York City	12,390	Jack Bolger, Salt Lake City, Utah	450
C. C. Talbot, Putnam, Conn.	12,150	Arthur Louis Lisi, Dunkirk, N. Y.	390
Joseph A. Fisher, Montello, Mass.	11,020	Alice Lisko, Newark, N. J.	390
Cora Monteverdi, Orange, N. J.	9,990	Julia M. Jennings, Spokane, Wash.	360
Antonio Lopez, Long Beach, N. Y.	9,600	Katherine Charmello, Derby, Conn.	360
Helen Rowe, Salem, Mass.	9,600	Mrs. F. O. Williams, Montpelier, Ohio	360
Mazel Mae Buel, Burlington, Kan.	9,150	Valentina Beaulieu, Lowell, Mass.	330
Florence Schultz, Chicago, Ill.	8,950	William Dailey, Omaha, Neb.	330
Ernest Whitelock, Martinsburg, W. Va.	8,520	Leo A. Chouinard, Lynn, Mass.	330
Mrs. Hubert Wood, Anthony, R. I.	8,160	Valma Ziegler, New York City	330
S. Louis Garthright, Richmond, Va.	7,990	Vera R. Seymour, New Orleans, La.	330
Rev. Lad Szabo, Franklin, N. J.	6,720	Ina Meiswinkel, Crystal Lake, Ill.	300
Andrew Prinzivalli, New York City	6,150	Julius Miller, New York City	300
Mrs. Susie H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.	4,860	Rosemary Deegan, Chicago Ill.	300
Fred Roesch, Hoboken, N. J.	4,360	D. Somers Risley, Denver, Colo.	300
Mrs. Josephine Williams, Schenectady, N. Y.	3,740	Irene Sims, Excelsior Springs, Mo.	270
C. Crocker, Concord, N. H.	3,680	Michael Nicoletta, Clyde, N. Y.	270
Betty C. Hitchins, Frostburg, Md.	3,270	Lloyd Schultz, Baldwinville, N. Y.	270
W. H. Corpenin, College Station, Tex.	3,210	Tony Saji, No. Chelmsford, Mass.	240
Daisy Owens, New York City	3,130	Mrs. W. A. Bjorklund, Hoopeston, Ill.	240
F. Pottle Charles, Montreal, Can.	3,120	Savannah Watts, Philadelphia, Pa.	240
E. sic Fischer, Cedarburg, Wis.	3,120	Ruby Pippert, Dixon, Ill.	240
Laura Bratwlyn, Duquesne, Pa.	3,090	Mrs. J. P. Hennessey, New York City	240
Edward Higgins, West Hoboken, N. J.	3,060	Dan Garrett, Lowell, Mass.	240
Cosmo Crazzo, Auburn, N. Y.	3,060	Robert Anderson, Bastrop, Ill.	210
J. Kirscher, New York City	3,000	C. Goethe, Brooklyn, N. Y.	210
Walter Pearls, Buffalo, N. Y.	2,630	Shipley W. Ricker, Woburn, Mass.	210
Mrs. Dolly Jefferson, Schenectady, N. Y.	2,240	A. M. Ford, Auburn, Me.	210
Harry C. Shuman, Dodge City, Kan.	2,000	Evelyn Wagner, Los Angeles, Cal.	210
Mrs. C. K. Daniels, Little Rock, Ark.	1,590	Stella Wolfe, St. Augustine, Fla.	210
Charles R. Griffin, Seymour, Conn.	1,550	Beatrice Whalen, Sioux City, Iowa	210
Marie Schelcher, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	1,180	Constance Erbaugh, Dayton, Ohio	210
A. bert Jolman, Minneapolis, Minn.	1,180	Charlotte Miller, Cairo, Ill.	210
Byrd W. Sims, Pensacola, Fla.	1,150	William Duff, Chicago, Ill.	210
Mary Cavanaugh, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.	1,150	Vincent Patrick, Syracuse, N. Y.	210
Helen Lindstrom, Lemont, Ill.	1,120	Annabelle Craig, Chicago, Ill.	180
Moe Kastenbaum, Bronx, N. Y.	1,090	F. S. Hoover, Gretna, Neb.	180
Mark Kent, Lima, Ohio	1,090	H. C. Moore, Defiance, Ohio	180
Blanche Grenz, Benton, Ill.	1,060	Ed. Cummings, Cincinnati, Ohio	180
James Ward, New York City	930	H. E. Ogilby, Libby, Mont.	180
Antoinette Forgione, Holley, N. Y.	920	Jesse W. Magowan, Mt. Sterling, Ky.	180

The Mother of 'em All

By JOHN W. PATTON.

"**H**OW would you like to meet a nice, blonde flapper," the editor asked me.

Now it so happens that any sort of a flapper is a weakness with me. And if she happens to be blonde, too—

So it came about that I taxied down to a hotel, hard by Washington Square, and sent up my name to Miss Cissie Fitzgerald.

Does that name bring any recollections to you?

It depends largely on your own age, whether it does or not. If you can hearken back to the early nineties, it does. Because back in those halcyon days, Cissie Fitzgerald was the toast of Broadway. She was the star of a musical comedy called the "Gaiety Girl." She appeared in white silk tights.

Of course, in this day of short skirts, legs



*This is Cissy as she is today.
Her smile hasn't changed a bit.*

to charge ten cents admission—and they called the pictures "Cinemetographs."

And Cissie Fitzgerald was the very first star to be pictured. Let's let her tell about it—just as she told it to me.

"It was back in 1894," she began. "I was playing the lead in the Gaiety Girl—getting lots of mash notes from Johnnies—and being reviled as a perfectly terrible person by the newspapers. You see, women weren't supposed to have legs in those days.

"Anyhow, one morning, I got a letter from Thomas Edison, asking me to come down to his place at East Orange, New Jersey, and do my Gaiety Girl dance before the moving picture camera.

"Just like everybody else, at that time I didn't have any too much use for the movies. I thought it was a fad. I didn't believe the business would ever amount to much. Neither did anybody else!



This was Cissy, back in 1894, when she was the toast of Broadway, as "The Gaiety Girl."

don't mean anything much except as a means of getting you somewhere. But in those days, they didn't call 'em legs at all. That would have been quite too shocking. They called 'em "limbs"

So when Cissy came out in those white tights, all the Johnny boys nudged each other knowingly—and between acts, they went out and bought eighteen million dollars, more or less, worth of American Beauty roses, and sent 'em back stage.

So much for that.

Movies weren't very well known those days. In fact, they didn't even call 'em movies. There weren't any moving picture theatres, even. As you may recall, it was several years after before the pioneers used to hire a vacant store-room, or something and show about fifty or seventy-five feet of fire engines answering an emergency call—or somebody jumping off a bridge. There wasn't any plot. Nobody even dreamed of a real photoplay at that time. They used



The ribbon on the back of her head was known back in the "nineties" as the "Cissy Fitzgerald Bow," and was all the rage.

"However, the letter from Mr. Edison included an offer of several hundred dollars—not thousands, mind you—but enough so that, in those days, it looked like a lot of money. So I went.

The picture was taken in Mr. Edison's laboratory. The camera didn't look anything like the movie camera of today. It looked more like a Colt machine gun. And it made just about that much noise. When the operator twisted his crank it honestly sounded like a bombardment.

"Of course I didn't have on any "make-up."

"I mean that I didn't have on what would be called make-up in the movie game today. I had put on some rouge, of course. I had "dolled up" my eyelashes, too. But I didn't know anything about the dead white enamel that they wear before the camera today. Neither did Mr. Edison, for that matter.



There's many a "flapper" who might yet still envy her shape today.

"At any rate, I got into my little short skirt—and did my dance—with the camera playing staccato music; with Mr. Edison standing off to one side looking just a wee bit skeptical—and with just about every employee in the whole Edison works who wasn't too busy, standing there, looking on.

"Embarrassed? Of course I was—horribly so. But equally, of course, I went through with it.

"A few weeks later the film was ready for showing. It took longer than that it does now.

"When I saw it I thought it was wonderful. Now I know, of course, that it was really terrible. But just the same, we took that film, and showed it all over the country. We'd show the picture first, and then I'd make a personal appearance. Just as I was the first woman to work in a

(Continued on page 30)

Aging Years in Minutes

By LILY AGNES GREENWOOD

THERE'S a new profesh in the movies!

It's the character lead.

Which, to the average trouper, is about as compatible as sweet sour milk.

For throughout the ages there has been a vast difference between a "character" and a "lead."

The "lead" has always been the lord of the castle, while the "character" has been in a position analogous to that of a porter or scullery maid.

There is but a small difference between a "star" and a "lead." The principal difference is in the advertising. The star is always in the advertisement like this:

"EDDIE GOODFUS"

in

"OLD GIRLS AT HOME"

While the lead gets into the billing, if at all, like this:

"OLD GIRLS AT HOME"

with

"Eddie Goodfus"

And as for the "character," he never expected to get into the billing. He was just what his title implied, a character to fill in on the scenes necessary between the big scenes played by the "Lead."

But times are changing in the movies. Since producers found out that the public will pay to see costume plays, a whole new era of stories have been made available for the screen. But the making of these pictures has caused a revolution in the actors' cast. The old-time authors—those who wrote the big successes—didn't have the movies in mind, so they were just as apt to make a character the leading person in the whole story.

A few years ago the story would have been changed so that the "lead" could have "hogged" the film, but the importations of films from abroad have taught American producers one thing—that Americans will pay to see a story. Hence, the necessity of letting "characters" play leading roles.

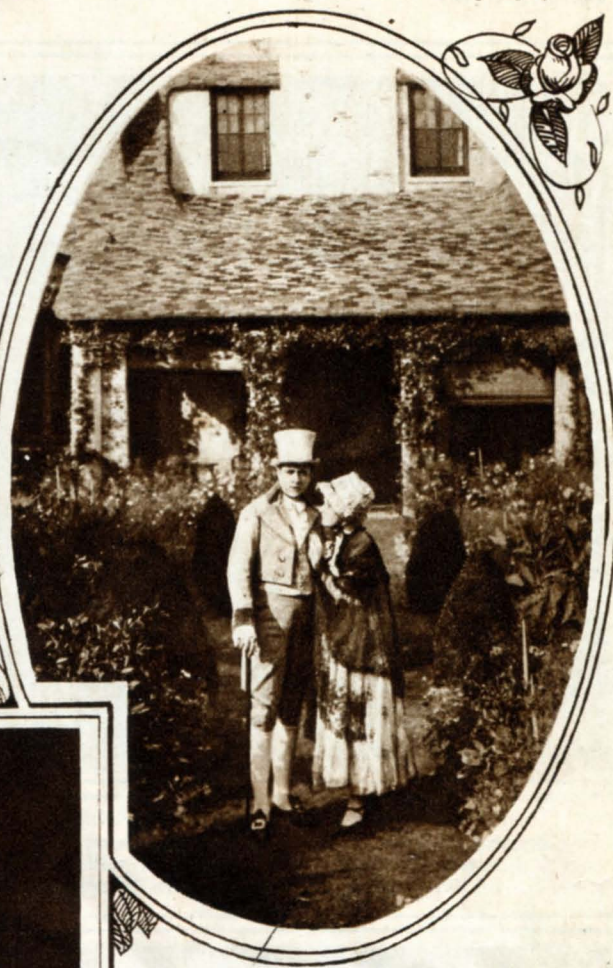
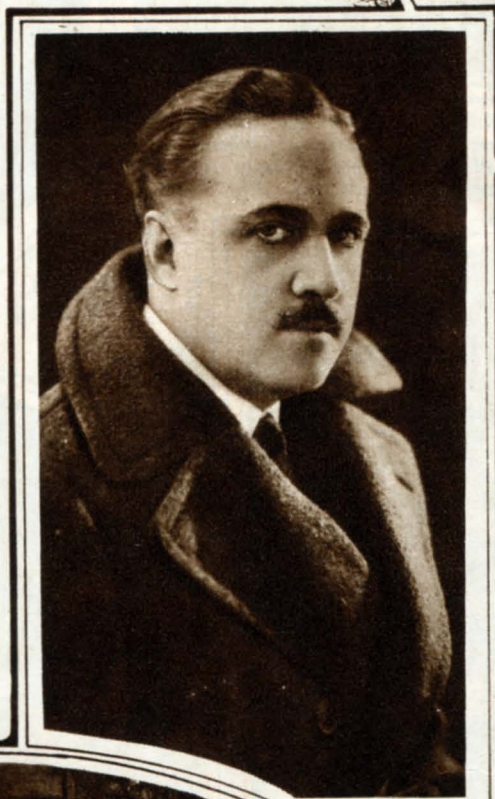
So that accounts for the ascendancy of the "character lead."

But to decree that "characters" should become "leads" didn't mean that right away it could be done. Very few leading men knew anything about character make-up and there were very few character actors who had sufficient ability to step right in and carry off a leading role.

So it developed an opportunity for those actors who had been content to take what had come their way—leading parts when they were offered, or character work when nothing better was to be had. They knew how to play leads and they also had learned the gentle art of make-up, so they were equipped to step in and play any sort of a role that authors could think of.

Take, for instance, "Silas Marner," the productoin from which the two scenes printed on this page are taken. The au-

Berkeley Barker, whose fad for make-up had much to do with the realism of "Silas Marner."



In the early part of the picture the characters are in their youth, and Barker appears in nearly his right age.

thor only carried his chief character from the age of the young man to that of a grandfather, and other characters in the story that have important parts had to be carried along through the years with him.

In the story is the role of the father. He is a dandy in his youth and a dandy in his old age. Age can be simulated easily by using gray hair and a beard, but the actor who was selected to play the father could not have the aid of a hairy disguise, for from his youth to his doddering age he had to remain smooth faced. That's where Berkeley Barker fitted in exactly.

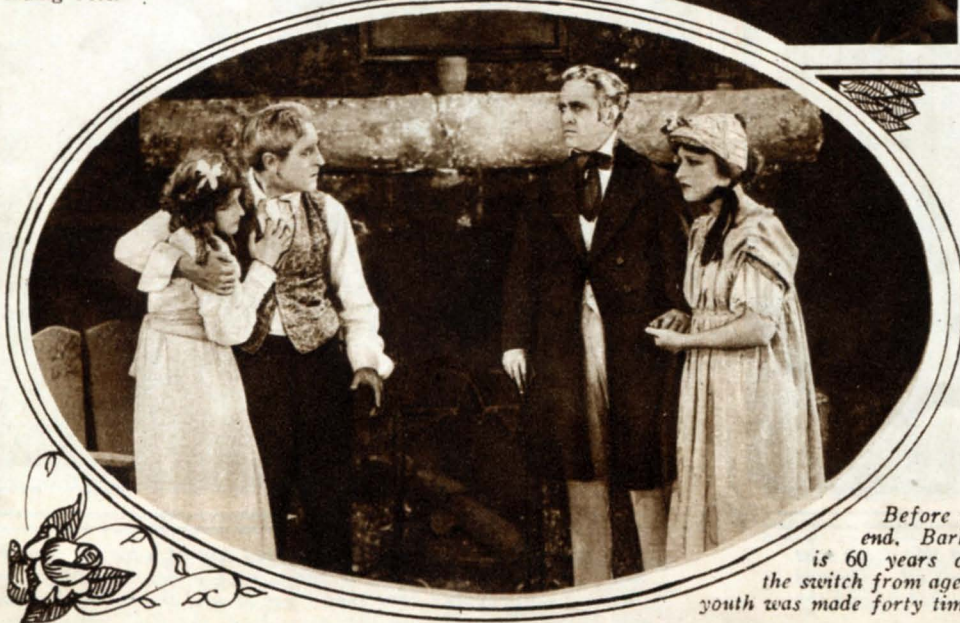
He had done everything there had been to be done with motion pictures. He had written stories, and then, when he got a job acting in his own stories, rewrote the stories so that his part was more prominent. He started as a "heavy," which means he played the villain. Then he graduated into leading roles, and took up character work as a side-line. He made a fad of effects to be gained by make-up, and the role of the father in "Silas Marner" gave him an opportunity of exercising every artifice of make-up that he knew.

Motion pictures are not taken in sequence. The shooting is done by locations, instead of according to the story. When the company is working on a stage, set for a scene, that appears in more than one part of the story, all the scenes on that set are taken before any other part of the story is taken up.

The result was that Berkeley Barker was required to age thirty years in less than that number of minutes. Several of the scenes at the first part of the story, when he was acting the role of a young man, appear again in the latter part, after he has passed the sixty-year mark. Barker slipped from thirty to sixty, and then from sixty to thirty over forty times during the run of the picture.

"Age is merely a matter of wrinkles and hollows," he said, "and once you have studied

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Before the end, Barker is 60 years old, the switch from age to youth was made forty times.

Big Moments in Picture

Roy Wilson and Kathleen Kirkham are the stars of a Ben Wilson special soon to be released by Arrow Film. It is entitled "An Innocent Cheat," and this scene from the production shows Roy just at the time that he discovers that he is a fraud in the eyes of the world.



"Glad to see you're back" is the only greeting this suggests for Eileen Percy, who is the star of the production from which this scene is taken. It is a William Fox production, and we will give you one guess as to the title. Yep, you're right, "Elope If You Must."



We really hope the title of the picture for which this scene was made really means something, in case this gun goes off. Thomas H. Ince made the picture, First National will release it, and the title is "Skin Deep."



"But you will look sweet upon the front seat of a bicycle built for two." Remember the old ear fatiguer of a generation ago, and the sentiment couldn't have rung truer even if the author had been able to see Doris May in this scene from the R-C production of "Boy Crazy."

ures You Haven't Seen

Wilson
"An
Roy
eyes



They tell us this is a scene from the latest Hugo Ballin-Hodkinson production, "Other Women's Clothes!" And even the press agent puts after the caption the question which we are tempted to ask "1922 Spring styles?"

Herbert Brenon directing, and William Farnum starring, with William Fox during the producing, ought to make a fine picture. Then add the title, "Shackles of Gold," and you know just as much about the production as we do, but we are not going to miss the pre-view.



In the interest of preserving historical institutions, be they ever so obnoxious, eight or ten different productions have been made of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." This is a scene from one of the best of the lot, the L. Case Russell version, now being distributed by Arrow Film.

We don't know whether it was the role of the Sheik or Rodolfo Valentino that made such a character so popular with producers. But here is another from the Fox studio, entitled "Arabian Love," with John Gilbert portraying the turbulent turbaned oriental passion.

Fair, Fat and Forty

By PHYLIS SANDERS

THERE are several ways of getting in the movies—one is to have a background of stage experience. Another is to win a beauty contest. But when you're forty years old, decidedly corpulent and never have adorned a stage, the problem is not so easily solved.

Thus opines Abe Budin, who believes in "watchful waiting" and waited around until a casting director happened along and discovered him. This is how he was chosen to play an important part in "Hungry Hearts" at the Goldwyn studio.

One bright morning Director E. Mason Hopper was driving through the Jewish section of Los Angeles looking for types for Anzia Yezierska's Russian immigrant story, when he saw a man sweeping the street before a "flat" building. He was ideal for the role of the butcher.

"Would you like to act in the movies and make lots of money?" the director inquired.

"Nu, would I? Say, I should be a movie hero yet, when I've been to all the studios and they told me 'nothing doing' and here you come and ask me would I act!"

Whereupon he threw down his broom, rolled down his shirt-sleeves and announced himself ready to face the bright lights. But the surprise was on Hopper, when he discovered that Mr. Budin owned the apartment house in front of which he was sweeping.

Budin reported at the studio and E. A. Warren, who plays one of the leading roles in the picture, helped him with his make-up. Thus began Budin's career—and the director praises his work—and won't believe that the corpulent gentleman never has acted before.

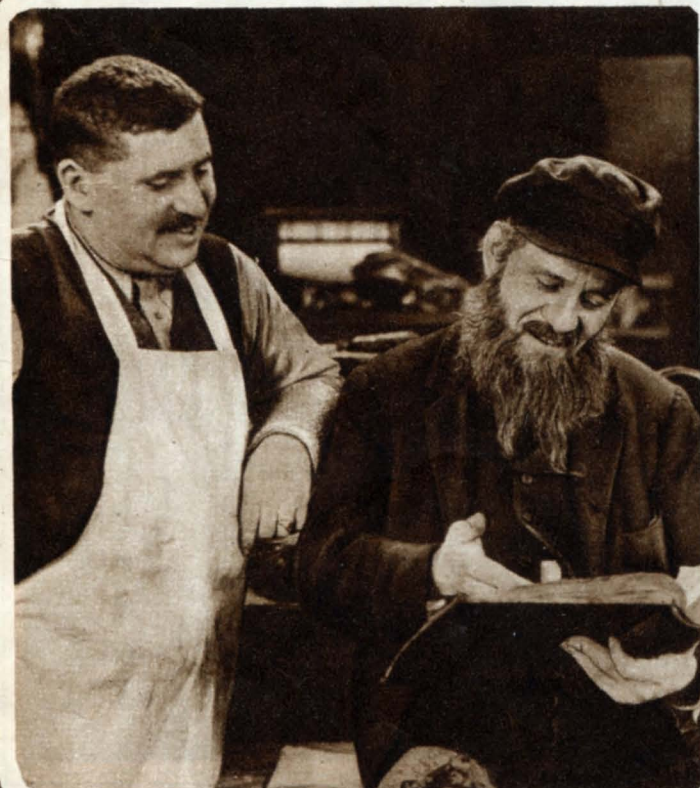
"Nu, just believe in a thing and it will come to you," says Budin succinctly. "And say, you know that apartment-house of mine? It's for sale. I'm in the movies to stay."



He smiles with his whole body.



"Grand opera—nonsense," says Abe. "Play me a tune on the cash register."



Here's Abe as a literary butcher. The other man is E. A. Warren.



This isn't as real as it looks. They're just testing out Abe's acting ability.

Read 'Em and Know 'Em

A "Mental" Photograph of Antonio Moreno.

HERE'S your chance to know Antonio Moreno even better than if he had been your bosom friend for five or six years. Psycho-analysts, psychologists and exponents of all the other sciences that have to do with analyses of brain power agree that the information which is given on this page about this newest of popular film heroes is a keener indication of his personality than could ever be learned merely by personal association.

The list of questions asked Mr. Moreno constitutes the framework of a "mental photograph." The questions answered ought to show everything that it is possible to learn about the person answering them. Go ahead

and read them and form your own opinion about Tony. Personally, we are no psychiatrists, so we are not able to tell whether your reading is right or not.

It is possible, however, to do it. For instance, he says he prefers to live in California. He is already there—living there—and for that reason it can be presumed that he is contented in a warm unchangeable climate, which indicates a lack of inclination toward violent outdoor exertion and consequently no desire for woodcraft, hunting, roughing it, etc. From there on you can draw your own conclusions. Every other answer is just as indicative of his character, if you will analyze the process of thinking that forms the basis for the answer.



What is your favorite virtue?— Gratitude

Your favorite quality in woman?— Candour and Humor

Your favorite quality in men?— Fortitude

Your favorite occupation?(next to the screen)— Writing Treatises on Bachelorhood.

Your idea of happiness?— Celibacy

Your idea of unhappiness?— The married man.

Your favorite color?— Maroon

Where do you prefer to live?— California, Hollywood.

Who is your favorite prose author?— Saavedra Cervantes

Your favorite poet?— Rossetti

Your favorite painter and composer?— Leonarda Da Vinci and Mozart---admire his operas Don Giovanni and Figaro

Your favorite hero in real life?— Harold Lloyd

Your favorite heroine in history?— Marie Antoinette

Your particular aversion?— A Spanish dish concocted by an American cook.

What character in history do you most dislike?— Catherine de Medici

Your favorite motto?— "In God We Trust"

Your favorite role?— Modesty forbids----Why not Hamlet?

Signature

Tony
Moreno



At Home--Abroad--with Tora Teye

By HELEN HANCOCK

ONE lovely Spring day, when, after the misty weeks of Winter, the sun once more scatters with lavish hand his golden rays over the town and country, there comes tripping down Strandvagen (the Strand) in Stockholm, a slender apparition in white. From the crown of her haughty head to the tips of her dainty feet she is a symphony in white, and beside her, to complete the picture, walks a white Russian wolf-hound, which every now and then steps carefully over the puddles left standing by the recent rain.

And everybody who is anybody at all in Stockholm takes a second look, smiles, and speaks about the vision, and with a satisfied air passes on, secure in the belief that they know all about her. Of course it is Tora Teye, the "best dressed woman in Stockholm," the most distin-

stage. But her mother had other plans; she wanted her daughter to be a teacher, and it took all of Tora's pleading to gain her consent to at least allow her to make application to enter the training school of the Royal Dramatic Theatre.

From the first Tora won the admiration and respect of her teachers for her undoubted ability and her hearty willingness to tackle any task, no matter how difficult. It was thought best to place her in a boarding home where she could be schooled in those little niceties of culture which her humble home lacked, and so after some time, such a place was found, and Tora became one of its most difficult pupils. Having been accustomed to looking after herself since childhood, she resented most energetically even the friendliest efforts to teach her the ways and methods of a more regular way of living, but after a time the rough diamond began to acquire some of that polish for which she is now famous.

After a year's hard study she was granted the munificent salary of five pounds, ten, a month, and after three years' work she was allowed to appear in minor roles.

When she left the pupils' course in 1911, Tora received for "Skill in Acting" the highest mark possible. This mark has never before nor since been given to any other pupil,—except Lars Hanson, who is also a member of the Swedish Biograph Company and one of the most popular actors in Sweden.

After this period of probation the ambitious young girl became a member of the regular cast at the Royal Dramatic Theatre. But she was impatient, as always, and seeing a greater chance at the Svenska Theatre she finally accepted an engagement there, and there she has been ever since, where her work has been one succession of unbroken triumphs.

Then came the films, and interested as she always was in everything new, Tora Teye became a member of the Swedish Biograph Company.



Tora Teye in the role of an Italian opera singer.

guished actress on the Swedish stage, and more recently as great a favorite on the screens of her native land.

The principal star of the Svenska Theatre, a dined and wine—(they have no prohibition in Sweden)—queen of society, with a beautiful home, a collection of jewels that is worth a king's ransom, motor cars and aeroplanes at her beck and call, a husband who adores her,—and all of this at twenty-six! Is it any wonder that Stockholm cranes its neck and exclaims,—“Ah! Tora Teye!”

And yet it isn't so many years ago that Tora Teye was the under-fed child of a poor but respectable coachman, who died just two years after the birth of his talented daughter.

Tora Johansson, she was born, and she remained in charge of her mother who lived a life of hard toil in order to keep the little home together after her husband's death. Tora's childhood was passed as every other poor child's life is passed. The streets, the back yard and the nearest park were her playground, and when she wasn't in school she was either playing with the other children of the neighborhood, or running errands for her mother. In the latter capacity she was one day engaged by a prominent actress and on one occasion—(a never-to-be-forgotten one)—Tora was given a ticket to the theatre where her patroness was playing.

From that memorable evening on she knew that her destiny was to be an actress, and when at fifteen she finished primary school she summoned up courage enough to ask her mother to allow her to go on the



Over in Sweden they say Tora looks like Nazimova.

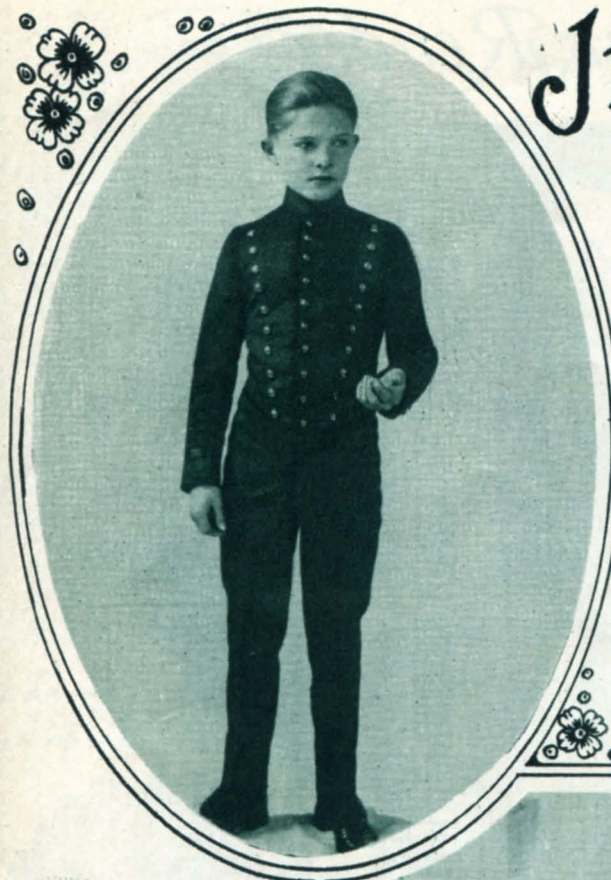
Speaking only the language of her native land, this talented actress was perhaps hindered in her progress on the legitimate stage, else by now she would have a name of international celebrity. But the pictures have overcome that hindrance, and the screens of Europe have seen her work, which has been declared second to none in the film world.

In such pictures as “The Mystery of the Monastery,” “God's Way,” “Family Traditions,” “That's Just Like a Man,” and other Swedish productions this charming woman is to be seen on the screens of America.

Tora Teye loves life and everything it has to offer her. Her husband,

(Continued on page 30)

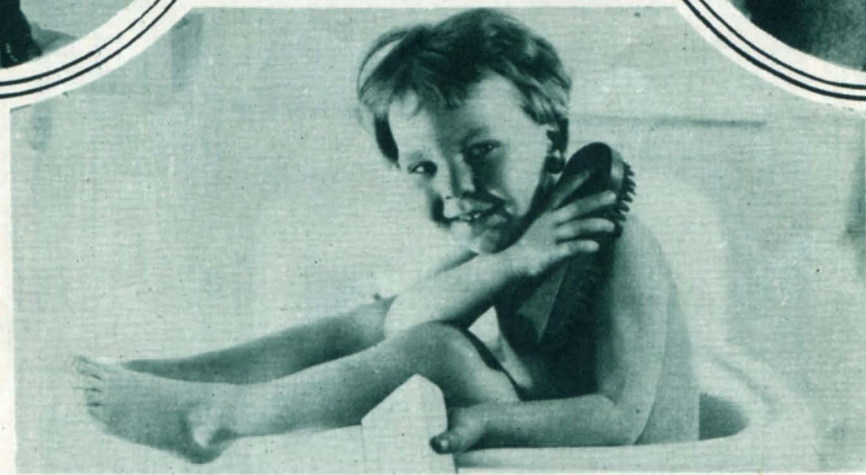
Just Kids



One might think, at first glance, that this was another picture of Jackie Coogan. But it isn't. It happens to be Robert De Vilbliss. Maybe some other young gentleman has "swiped" his sweetheart, or his marbles, or something—but we'll bet he isn't casting that sorrowful look at his weekly pay check.



And here we have young Mr. Edouard Trebaol, whose sister, Jeanette, is one of the coming "stars of tomorrow." Edouard hasn't been in pictures very long but, like his sister, he's a comer.



Lots of kiddies just naturally hate to "wash up." But that doesn't apply to John Henry, Jr. He likes it. If you don't believe it, gaze at his grin.



Johnny Jones plays parts, baseball and football—and now he's also learning to play the bass drum. He's sitting in the chair which rightfully belongs to Director E. Mason Hopper



Here's a little study in black and white. In other words, Jackie Coogan and young "Sherbit." Neither of 'em looks particularly pleased with the other.

A Page By Our Readers



Grandmother Turnip's a true movie fiend
And will not be happy until she is "screened."
She'll write her own plays and a manager seek
And sign a contract for ten thousand a week.

Verses and cartoons contributed by: W. R. Bradford,
Care of the North American, Philadelphia, Pa.

The movie man—onion—he wears a broad grin,
Alas, for intentions, Grandmother's all in!
Ah, let down the curtain. It's all over now—
(She won't sign that contract, oh, rowdy, dow, dow.)

TWO cartoonists, one artist and three poets, get the \$1.00 offered for all contributions by amateurs accepted by PANTOMIME for publication on this page, which is published as often as material received warrants.

Here is a poem by Miss Eya Madzik, 237 Caroline Street, Derby, Conn.:

Charley Had a Pair of Shoes

Charley had a pair of shoes
And they were not white as snow.
But everywhere that Charley went
These shoes were sure to go.

They went with him upon the screen
And made him look so funny
That Charley Chaplin is to-day
Worth a great deal of money.

The following two are by H. E. Jung, Box 1038, Billings, Mont.:

The Gift of the Movies

Spinning a web of silver
With the gossamer thread of dreams
From the Loom of Life, a fabric
Bathed in a silver sheen
This is the gift of the Movies
That the world me know thereof
The warp and the woof of Creation
The Pattern of Life and Love.

THE TRAVELLER

I've seen a heap of funny things!
I've witnessed fifty wars.
I've travelled through the tropics
And I've been on Arctic Shores.
I've hunted hippopotomus
And shot at kangaroos
And watched the wily mountaineer
Concocting Boot Leg Booze
I've seen a two-gun bad man
That had murder in his eye,
Get shot out of his saddle
By a sheriff who was spry
I've wandered all the world around
By land—by sea—by air
Yes, I've "travelled" at the Movies
Just by sittin' in a chair.

And this is by J. R. McCarthy, 1029 W. 23rd Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

ROBBED!

I do not like a mushy show
With kisses every other minute;
I mostly like a play to go
Without one lip compressor in it

But there is one I'm thinking of
Wherein the hero climbs six mountains
With hopes to show his manly love
For bashful Mary at the Fountains.

This hero leaps a precipice
And kills a most unruly bandit—
I wanted him to get his kiss,
I longed to sit and see him land it!

And does he get his tulip prize
From off the lips of bashful Mary?
Not he! He's robbed, as you surmise.
Some censor board was so contrary!



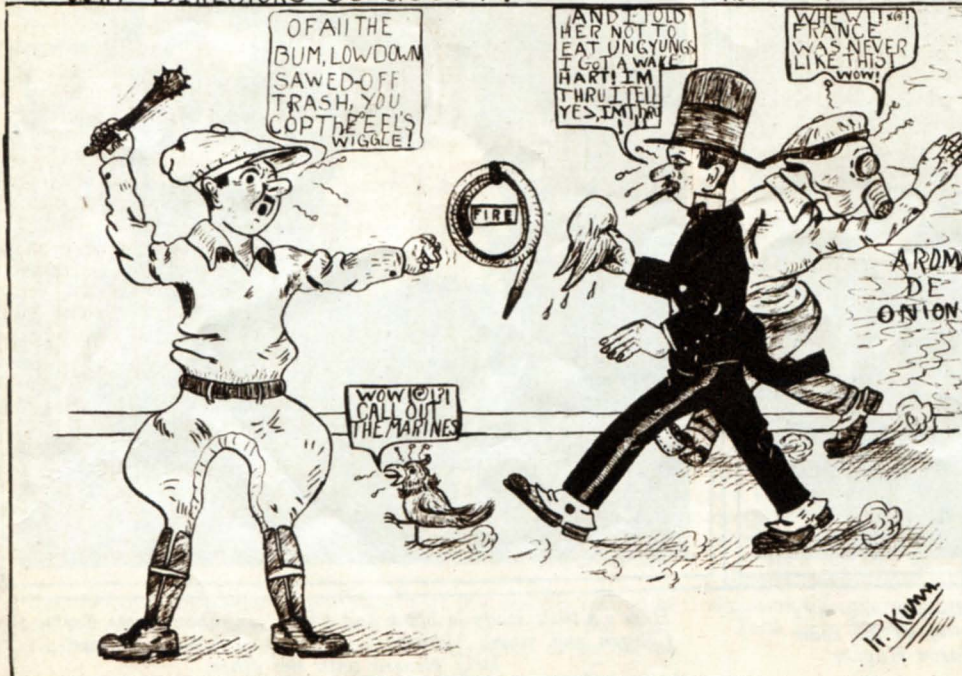
A drawing of Dorothy Dalton by
Morris Welinsky, 680 Weathers-
field Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

Below are two cartoons by Roland Kumm, 163 Hallock Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

WHY DIRECTORS GO GOOFY!

ROLAND KUMM.

WAITER FATTY HIERS IS GETTING POPULAR!



Stepping Out

By MYRTLE GEBHART.

Viola Dana as a Russian dancer.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But, oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half as fine a sight."

THE only criticism I can make of that verse is that She doesn't wear petticoats any more—just a fringe of chiffon and a pearl or maybe, if she feels real generous, two pearls and a provocative smile.

These were the habiliments that made her what she is today—the Queen of Terpsichore. And these garments—or the smile, anyway!—she wears in her "at home" receptions held in her new domicile, the Silent Drama. For the lissome footlight twinkler is passing to the stars' playgrounds, there to whirl and frolic—and occasionally emote!—before the sternest audience in the world, old One-Eye Camera. She twirls on nimble toes like little white mice with pink jackets on; she twists and dips and floats on rhythmic waves of a loveful lyric. And sometimes, even, she can act!

"Those move easiest who have learn'd to dance," said a scholarly gentleman named Pope who knew a lot of things that I never found in any books. Perhaps this ease of movement and manner accounts for the successful transplantation of the *danseuse* to the silver sheet. She has but changed her medium.

Many of our most famous stars have risen from the ranks of the chorus—Elsie Ferguson, Marguerite Clark, Mae Murray, Ann Pennington, Rubye de Remer, Marion Davies, Justine Johnston and the late Olive Thomas.

And, vice versa, many of our famous luminaries have gone to Terpsichore for help in advancing themselves on the celluloid. Gloria Swanson, Mildred Harris, Bebe Daniels, Jacqueline Logan, Colleen Moore, Julia Faye, Ethel Clayton, Lila Lee and Sylvia "Mother" Ashton are 'goin' to dančin'-school' now, most of them having joined Theodore

Constance Binney is studying with Kosloff.

Kosloff's ballet class. Even the men are falling for the lure of the vision, grace—Monte Blue and Forrest Stanley are shaking wicked pairs of feet learning the latest whirl.

So now when the *maitre de ballet* of "The Follies of Felicia" desires to place the star—who of course always plays the "lead" in the revue—in rhythmic harmony with the imported chorus, she will know how to twirl without falling over her own toes.

Unquestionably this is the vogue of the *danseuse*. The film is quite respectable without an ensemble of her, a running fire of sparkling figurines threading the tragedy. She is to the film what the wine used to be to the dinner; for these musical-comedy city-calves have a rare gift for combining the snap of old Burgundy with the naivete of Twin Corners girlhood.

Sometimes in making pictures the stars themselves find it necessary to thrill the audience with a wee dance—staged at the expense of thousands of dollars—for what with kisses cut deplorably and the vamp elimi-

nated, a picture must be given a "kick" some way. And at such times the old training comes in handy. Take it from Mae Murray who, in "The Gilded Lily," recalled ye old days of toe-twirling. Viola Dana danced her solo in "The Chorus Girl's Romance" and "Glass Houses" even better than she used to on the stage. Constance Binney had a bit of a whirl in "39 East" reminiscent of her dancing-days. When Billie Burke played a coryphee in "The Education of Elizabeth," husband Florenz Ziegfeld loaned her his whole flock of Follies for "atmosphere." Jacqueline Logan, Betty Francisco, Marion Davies, Margaret Loomis make their feet behave now—in the movies.

The recent hegira here of noted dancers and ballet masters indicates that Los Angeles will take the place formerly occupied by St. Petersburg as the capital city of dancing and its allied arts. From the rigid school of technique of the Imperial Russian Academy sprang the interpretative

(Continued on page 30)

Eugena Gilbert used to do "ballroom specialties" for the 400 at Newport.

Luring Lips

By MARGARET MAURICE

TO Kiss or Not to Kiss!—

That is the burning question agitating the nation and likewise filmdom. The papers are full of this popular pastime of the screen which threatens to invade private life. And its promiscuity should be stopped!

Goodness knows, the whole world copies our movie stars' clothes and coiffures and divorces—their kisses at least should be their own!

The reformers, having settled the fate of J. B. (short for John Barleycorn), short skirts and vamps, now are turning their attention to the kiss, with about as much effect as their agitation had in removing J. B., short skirts and vamps. And the censors threaten to cut the movie-kiss to the point where it will become not a caress but a peck-and-goodby. In its censored form it admits of no skillful interpretation, of no elaborate innuendoes. It becomes, not a work of artistic drama, but a painful, passionless

expression to that common joy, the kiss. Norma can act, I agree; but Norma kissed first and acted second. That is, one realized her proficiency in the former before one suspected talents for the latter. Norma has a genius for arousing in man the desire to kiss her—the audience unfortunately sharing nothing but the desire. Theda Bara was the first vamp-kisser. Nazimova's warm-hearted ladies would love

I'm still puzzled over what Lew meant by that—but maybe he'll see this and—demonstrate!

A Chicago medico stated that a wife is entitled to but three kisses per diem for frying man's bacon and mending his pants and listening to his ravings. One with each meal, sort of. "A nervous breakdown is possible from too much kissing," said the doctor. Alas, were that true, long ago would we have sung the requiem over poor Lew!

The City Fathers of New York claimed that wives there were not being kissed enough. But kissing requires skill—and man likes a worthy opponent in any game.

A physician told the bearded ones of a Philosophical Society that kissing is recommended as a stimulant to health! Maybe—I say *maybe*—homes would be happier and healthier if the wives were to study the movie screen! And go home and try it on Hubby!

Awhile back a bout was staged



Wanda Hawley gives a semi-chaste kiss.

much of their charm were they minus that half-mocking, enigmatic kiss of hers. Constance Talmadge's endeavors have been of a lighter vein and she is always so careful to kiss only the man she's decided she'll marry in the last reel.

Louise Glaum, though, usually loses her kisser—sends him back to the chaste passionless lips of his legal sparring partner. Mildred Harris' caresses are of the delicate, suggestive kind—rather than of the hectic brand used by Dorothy Dalton in her untamed Alaskan Specials. And there's Clara Kimball Young of the soulful orbs and the soulless kiss. And Gladys Brockwell, who used to burn the silver-sheet! And what, pray, gave Mae Murray's lips that provocative lift?

Among the picture-folk I find but three who object strenuously to the kiss. Mary Pickford stands alone among the sisterhood of filmdom in her refusal to partake of it. Will Rogers will not indulge in osculatory delights even as a fitting finale to the picture; and Bill Hart always has his fade-out with himself and his lady-love galloping over the hill in the sunset to their simple home, thus avoiding undue publicity of their relations.

When approached on the subject of the benefits received in his many years of kissing, Eugene O'Brien stated with refreshing modesty: "When we 'kiss and make up' in the movies we taste the make-up more than the kisses."

Isn't his naivete charming? I tell you, it isn't often nowadays that you find a chap so inclined to make light of his blessings so the other fellows won't feel badly!

Asked for an opinion, Wallie Reid demurely replied: "Ask my wife." And Lew Cody said, "Take my word—there's nothing in it."



There's a little hint of the cave man in the way Jack Holt does it.

gesture as devoid of spice as a twenty-year-old marriage.

Then where will our stars be? Many a career has been built on the evanescent kiss. Golden ducats are the wages of kissing well and long. For instance, there's Lew Cody, who always kisses himself into one home after another and gets murdered and everything exciting. Where would Lew be, I ask you, without his fascinating luring lips? Selling hardware down in Tuscaloosa, probably, and atrophying under the disgrace of anonymity. And what would the soulful lady-scribes find to write about if Eugene O'Brien stopped kissing her in the first, the second, third, fourth and fifth reels?

Stuart Holmes' kissing has aroused far more public interest than those naive tales of his press agents about how this he-vamp can sleep only in three-cornered beds, the other kind interfering with his esthetic senses. Tommy Meighan has a tantalizing Irish kiss for every colleen he plays to. Jack Holt's kiss used to break up homes in far India—maybe because it fitted in with the climate better. But now that Jack has moved his kiss to the Far North, it has suffered somewhat. Wallie Reid, assuredly, is no novice at the art!

Among the ladies—Norma Talmadge was the first of the sisterhood to give full cinematic



Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson are used to it.

in Biarritz, France, with one Andre Boule winning the international title as world champion kisser. Beautiful girls sampled the offerings of the eighty entrants before deciding in favor of Andre, and claimed that the American kisses were "flaccid"—which the dictionary defines as "yielding to pressure."

Well, who wants a wooden one?

Bachelors of the screen rose to challenge Andre, acclaiming Hollywood the center of the kissing industry and our brand "in a class by themselves." Why not organize a 100 per cent American team to defend our home-made product? I respectfully submit the following names: Lew Cody, Wallie Reid, Eugene O'Brien; Nazimova, Louise Glaum and Mae Murray. But, on second thought, four of those would be superfluous. Any two could handle all the Andre Brules in captivity.

The art of kissing was born long before the screen, Louise Glaum and censorship. It is the oldest art extant. Eve learned it—along with a number of interesting and educational things—from the juicy apple. Before her epicurean sortie, The First Lady of the Land and Adam were about equal; but after one bite the dear girl had it all over the poor man. But one touch of her rosy lips applied in the manner now taught in the academy of De Mille—and

(Continued on page 30)

Airy Persiflage

*A Photographic
Record of
Colleen
Moore's
First
Flight
in an
Airship*



"I really felt about the same way about it that I feel about the dentist," she said. "I knew I was going ahead with the flight but I lost all desire the minute I was strapped in my seat."

"The whole contraption looked like an awfully frail thing to trust yourself to. The most important parts, such as the wires that led from the control sticks seemed altogether too small."



"But before I had a chance to protest against going up we were off, and it wasn't nearly as bad as anticipation had made it. The rush of air was exhilarating and I know I simply squealed with delight."

"What a relief it was,—the bumps that resulted when we once more touched the ground. It made me feel so happy that I was almost sincere when I told the pilot how much I had enjoyed it. But little old earth is good enough for me."

"But the pilot brought us down altogether too fast. The descent gave all the qualmy discomforts of a falling elevator. My heart was up in my throat and my stomach was turning somersaults."

Gas, Oil and Water

Gas, Oil and Water

CAST

George Oliver Watson.....*CHARLES RAY*
 Henry Jones *Otto Hoffman*
 Susie, his daughter *Charlotte Pierce*
 Hobart Rush *Robert Grey*
 Philip Ashton *William Carroll*
 "Beauty" Strang *Dick Southerland*
 Sanchez *Bert Offord*
 Whiskers *Whiskers Ray*

IN Southern California, near the Mexican border, stood a picturesque hotel frequented by tourists. It was kept by one Henry Jones, whose pretty giggling daughter, Susie, was vastly interested in two things—her new bicycle and an attractive young fellow who had opened an oil and gas station nearby. Susie knew his name was George Oliver Watson, but she did not know that he was really a clever secret service agent sent to the border to catch a band of contraband smugglers.

Two guests at the hotel had excited George's suspicions, Hobart Rush and Philip Ashton, both pleasant, good looking men who seemed to have nothing in particular to do, but were always on hand when the sight-seeing bus drove up. George, watching carefully, saw the bus "spieler" give Ashton a paper one day. Shortly after, George had a customer in the person of a big, surly looking man known as "Beauty" Strang. As he served him, he managed to feel some of the contents in the back of the white car Beauty drove and he also noticed a small window at the hotel swing out and in a way that looked a signal. Strang evidently saw it, too, for he seemed satisfied as he paid for the gas and started for the hotel.

The next night the white car came again late. This time George jumped on behind unseen as Strang and Rush rode away. They drove a long distance till they reached a shack by the roadside. George dropped off, hid in the bushes and was making a quick sketch of the place and its position when he was amazed to see the front of the shack turn back on huge hinges, giving a large enough opening to allow the automobile to pass through a secret road that led to the border at the back. George followed through the bushes until he could see the contraband being unloaded, and then made his way back to his gas station.

The next message brought by the bus spier George intercepted. It was to inform Rush that the secret service were on to his band and that they must make a quick getaway. Sure of his plans, George notified the custom authorities to raid the shack and to send him two motorcyclists. He arrested Ashton and Strang in the hotel that night; but Rush, who was showing off Strang's car to Susie in front of the hotel, took alarm when he heard a shot, pulled the girl into the car and dashed off at full speed.

George heard Susie's cry for help and realized he must overtake the car before it reached the border. Leaving one cyclist in charge of his prisoners and bidding the other telephone ahead to have the road blocked if possible, he leaped into the first car he came

to and sped to the rescue. It was a frantic chase in which George gained and lost and gained again. Rush had forgotten Susie in his fear of arrest, and George managed to signal to her to get on the running board from which, sweeping alongside, he caught her just as she was falling. As he slowed down and drew Susie to safety on the seat beside him, there was a deafening report. Huge boulders fell into the roadway directly in front of the still speeding white car and they had one glimpse of Rush's white face as his automobile turned over the embankment.



Some Snow and a Dog

By HAROLD HOWE.

IT all started over a pom.

Pom, being an abbreviation of pomeranian, which is the long and large name of a very small breed of dog, it must be admitted that it was really a very slight thing to start an argument about.

But Corinne Griffith was really enthusiastic about the "realism" which exists in her latest Vitagraph production. She declared that some of the scenes were so effective that the delusion was perfect.

Now I am not a scoffer. But never have I shivered when I have seen snow on the screen. I like pictures, but I have never seen a sample of what I would call "perfect delusion" which would be the effect gained by "absolute realism." So I remarked:

"Bunk!—I'll bet it wouldn't even deceive that Pom of yours."

Corinne carried her one pet—Billy—which is a pomeranian and as likeable a member of that breed as I have ever seen.

"Oh, it wouldn't," and Miss Griffith was nearly as icily haughty as such a cordial person as she can ever be. "Just come and see."

So we went to the projection room, and the shots that had just come in were ordered thrown on the screen.

I was soon transported to a wild polar country where long stretches of snow-clad hills with mountain peaks shimmering in the distance were to be seen without shivering reaction. Billy, the pom, seemed as much interested as Corinne and I, and sat looking at the screen with ears cocked in attention.

When his mistress came into the foreground clad in furs he barked shrilly, his tail wagged and then he turned and looked at her for confirmation.

"What strange phenomenon is this, you are here yet you are there?" was doubtless the question passing through his canine mind. He turned to Corinne as if for reassurance and scratched at her arm with his paw. Then he again gave attention to the screen.

"It was thirty degrees below zero," Corinne informed me, "and I was very glad I was clothed like an Eskimo. Now I know what Admiral Perry passed through. But nevertheless I had a wonderful time."

Then a dog sled came into view with Corinne comfortably covered in furs and apparently enjoying the ride. Six dogs sped like deer down the side of a hill and came into the foreground. There was a sharp yelp and Billy had jumped from Corinne's lap. He dashed for the screen and wildly leapt back and forth



Corinne caught this fish herself—but somebody else had to take it off the hook.



How about this for an illustration of Beauty and the Beast?



Corinne said she wanted to buy this dog, but the owner wouldn't sell.

while the dogs on the screen jumped from side to side. One big malemute in the leading team was particularly lively and as coincidence would have it, he turned and glared at Billy and then jumped straight at him.

Billy gave an agonized yelp but stood his ground. As the harness caught the malemute and pulled him back from the camera, the scene came to an end. Billy then returned to Corinne's lap with a grunt of satisfaction.

"I suppose," Corinne said, "He thinks he has routed the whole dog tribe. That dog that leaped at the camera was a beautiful animal and he must have taken exception to the click-click of the grinding. We became very friendly. I wanted to buy him, but the owner would not sell."

The next scene showed Corinne in the grasp of the villain. This time Billy had not reach the screen for Corinne had put a leash into his collar. Despite Corinne's reassuring pat he was fidgety until a noble hero came on the scene and routed the enemy.

"I will really have to stop bringing Billy into the projection room," Corinne told me, "because he takes everything so seriously. He will have nervous prostration if this keeps up. The funny part of it all is poor little Billy couldn't whip a flea. He is all hair and bark."

The screen revealed many snow scapes showing hill and dale, and Corinne flitting across the picture with members of her cast in kaleidoscopic procession. Again came scenes showing the dogs and again Billy growled and quivered.

On our return to the set Corinne found that she was not wanted immediately so we found two chairs and chatted.

"You must have had some winter sports?" I suggested.

"Yes—dog sledding—which was thrilling, and skiing which, if anything, was even more so. I also fished through the ice. The natives build little huts over the holes dug into the ice and then put stoves inside. The huts are very warm and comfortable. I caught three fish. Ugh!" she gave a grimace, "I love to catch them but I certainly dislike taking them off the hook."

"And by the way," she continued, "we dug an old gentleman out of the snow. We returned one day in a snowstorm from location

(Continued on page 30)

May Moods

By SUSAN SMALL

"MAY"—Spring—or McAvoy,—whichever you prefer! They are synonymous!

La petite McAvoy was wearing a nifty little sport-affair of apricot and jade when I cornered her on the Lasky "lot" and demanded the why and the wherefore of her Spring wardrobe. Her knife-pleated skirt was of jade green, the blouse of apricot Georgette and the sport hat of ribbons of the two colors deftly folded.

"I am a moody person," she sighed a big sigh—for such a very small girl—and tried to look pessimistic, but failed. "I dress not *myself*, but my *moods*. When I'm 'dark and dreary' I wear dark shades."

I've a hunch May never was "dark and dreary" in her life—



with bands of lettuce green. The turban that accompanies it is knitted with hand-embroidered crystal beads—to fit a dual mood, a "dark and dreary" one, but liable at any moment to become one of cheer.

And it is in these charming costumes that May goes out to meet Spring—and her moods. But take it from me who knows May fairly well—you seldom see her wearing a dark dress or a "dark and dreary" mood. For she's all color, sunlight, pink, blue, coral, and all that *mood* stuff is the bunk.

But don't tell May I told you—if she wants to think she's "dark and dreary" sometimes, far be it from me to spoil any little girl's party.

And to be a little bit more indiscreet—as you aren't going



In such a gown does May go out to meet the Springtime—and her moods.

she just read that phrase in some deep classic and appropriated it, she's quite a studious person for her size.

"And when I'm glad and feel joyous," she said, "I blossom all out in pastel-colors. Simple, eh?"

"Very," I admitted, trying to decide whether she was spoofing me or not. There was a twinkle in her eye.

I craved an audience with her wardrobe and

You get the impression, somehow, that May's "dark and dreary" moods must be rare occurrences.

May was nothing loath. So we journeyed in her little coupe to her bungalow where she lives with her mother and had a look-see at her new Spring clothes.

I picked out the ones I thought you would like to see the most, and she posed in them the next day. They were mostly of light shades, frilly, fluffy things and remarkably simple and inexpensive in the choice of materials and trimmings. I found few silks and satins—more organdies and a number of sport suits. And—whisper it gently, for May might hear—very few dark suits and dresses. Judging from her wardrobe, May's "dark and dreary" moods must be seldom occurrences.

Her clothes are the kind that any young girl has—only she has more of them perhaps—and would be easy to copy, if you're possessed of an itching needle. Take the little afternoon costume in which she pours grape-juice—thank heaven, it wasn't tea and she didn't wear a chiffony tea-gown! It is a Russian blouse of delph blue Georgette with hand-embroidered yarn flowers in pastel shades—choose your own bloom from a flower-catalogue suggests May mischievously—with sport skirt of white corduroy. With it she wears gray hose and gray suede slippers.

Another sport dress is of gray knitted wool,



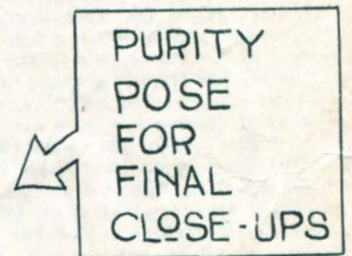
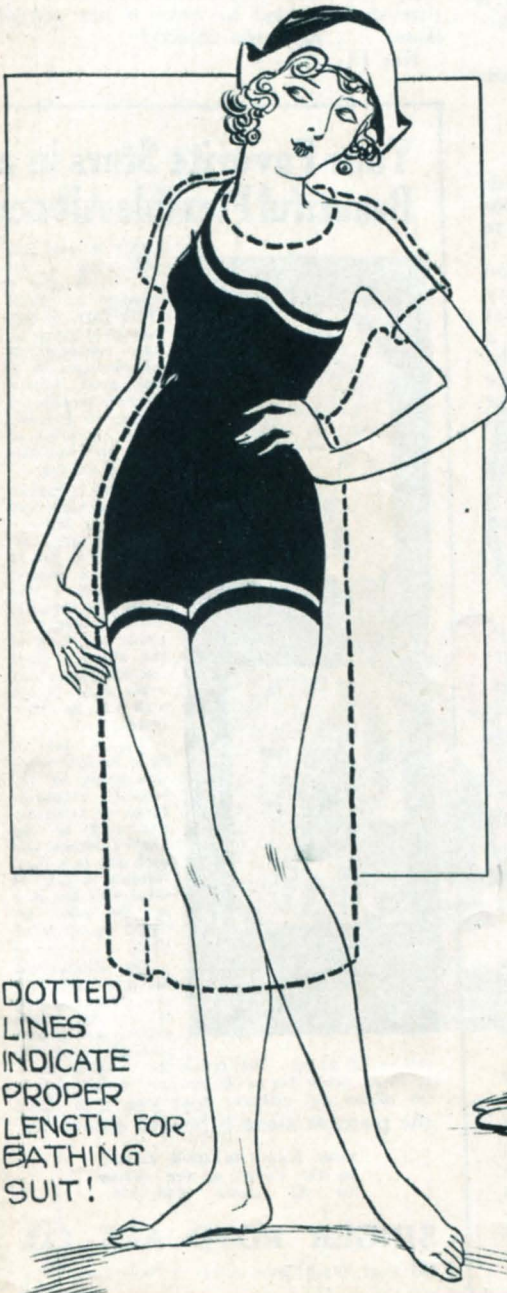
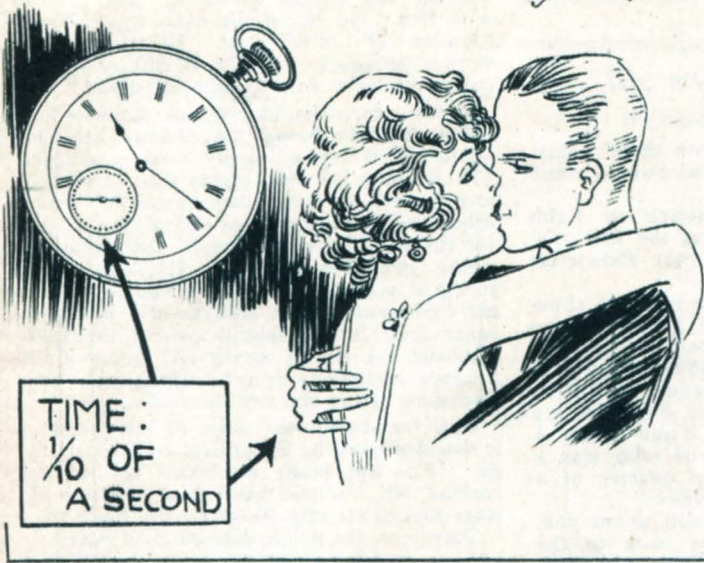
"When I'm dark and dreary," she said, "I wear dark shades."

to tell her I said so anyway,—no matter what sort of costuming they tried, no one could remain "dark and dreary" in the McAvoy home. The rooms there are just as bright and cheery as the gowns May usually wears.

However, let her fondle her obsession that she can look "dark and dreary" if she wants to. It harms no one—for no one ever saw her looking that way.

Obeying the Censors!

NO CHANCE TO GO WRONG IF DIRECTORS FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!!
By FRED R. MORGAN.



Our Scenario Club

PANTOMIME has a trained staff of scenario critics who are at your service.

If you have written a scenario, these experts will be glad to give you an honest opinion of its worth; and tell you how to change it so as to make it saleable.

The criticism will be absolutely honest.

In order to avail yourself of this service you must be a subscriber to this magazine.

For further particulars address Pantomime Scenario Club, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

At Home—with Tora Teye

(Continued from page 20)

her home and her art—those are the three things most worth while to her. She is proud of her husband, who is one of the most prominent photographers in Stockholm, which has led to his wife being the most photographed woman on the peninsula. She is proud of her home, where she delights in entertaining her friends at most unusual little affairs. She is proud of her play, which takes the form of driving her own car with a skill which makes even the most experienced chauffeur green with envy; and steering her own aeroplane in flights through the clouds which help her get away from everyone and everything, and think. But she is perhaps proudest of all at her success, and at the hold which she has on the affections of the people of all classes in her native country.

As she says: "My work is everything to me. It may sound exaggerated, but it seems to me that I should die if I were compelled to give it up."

And that, possibly, is the biggest reason for her big success—she loves her work with all her heart and soul—and what art could ask more of its exponent?

Some Snow and a Dog

(Continued from page 27)

(it was late in the afternoon) and suddenly, in the roadway before us, there loomed up a bank of snow, with the hood of a Ford coupe protruding. We got busy—and dug a man out. It seems that just before we came along a snowslide came down the hill just as he was passing underneath and to cap the climax his engine stalled. He said he knew how it felt to be buried alive.

"He was a parish priest making his rounds."

At this point a new voice sounded.

"Miss Griffith," it said, "We're ready for you."

It was the director.

For Corinne it meant work.

For me it meant exit.

Luring Lips

(Continued from page 24)

he was putty in her grasp.

But the kiss has progressed considerably since her day; it has made noticeable strides since the Movie Heroine took it in hand. Kisses now may be described as burning, invigorating, vampirish, chaste (a woman's of an age under

sixteen), intoxicating and—marital. The last has no definition; it merely exists. All of these brands may be found to perfection on the screen. If the censors only would let them last longer, what valuable lessons might not result for the race?

The Mother of 'em All

(Continued from page 14)

real movie film, as we know them today, so, I believe, I was the first woman to make a 'personal appearance.'

"I went from San Francisco to Palm Beach with that film. It was the first real piece of business, I believe, ever shown on the screen."

"I still have that film. I'm going to show it in a vaudeville tour. I'm going to take that picture out over the Loew circuit, and show 'em how I looked in 1894 in the first real movie anybody ever made. And then I'm coming out in person, and show 'em it's possible to beat old Daddy Time. Now I ask you—do I look like a girl who was a Broadway toast more than a quarter of a century ago—way back in 1894?"

I'm putting the same question up to you. I brought some photographs back to the editor—some of 'em taken in 1894—and some of 'em taken last week.

What do you think. My own opinion is that Cissie Fitzgerald is the youngest mother "what is"

Filming The Great Outdoors

(Continued from page 8)

darky refused to be convinced, saying, 'That don't mean nothing to me, boss! Ah was raised on milk myself—but Ah learned to eat meat, though!'

"I hope I'm not giving the impression that we search for a different spot every time we want to take a new scene. If that were the case I would need a staff of a hundred assistants continually scouring the country. What we do is to use the same location three or four times and make it appear like a new one by 'shooting' it from a different angle on each occasion. In this manner we can pretty nearly guarantee the spot being recognition-proof."

Aging Years in Minutes

(Continued from page 15)

the contours of the faces of various ages it is simple enough to transform your own face to any age. And before the camera the work is simplified because coloring doesn't enter so strongly into the make-up as it would on the speakie stage. It is fascinating work."

Mr. Barker blends his own cosmetics, so that he can always be sure of the tints and shadowing that will result. For that reason he can work much faster in his make-up than if he had to test each touch of powder or paint in order to learn the result from a mirror.

Stepping Out

(Continued from page 23)

genius of Pavlowa and Nijinsky. From the new dancing school of Hollywood where capers the screen juvenilia will spring—what? It is yet too soon to tell.

The Denishawns often have helped materially in preserving the dance-flavor in motion picture spectacles. Theodore Kosloff, Russian genius of the busy foot, is responsible for many of the exquisite dance-effects seen in Paramount films. Ernest Belcher also is one of the directors' stand-bys for providing pul-

chritude for ballet sequences in features. His pupils have appeared in Ince, Griffith and Sennett films. Mildred Harris, Billie Rhodes, Carol Dempster, Margaret Livingston, Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver all have studied with him. He staged the dance spectacles in "Mother O' Mine" and "Heartbalm" and worked personally with Mr. Griffith on the exquisite prologue for "Broken Blossoms."

In solo specialties, in dance spectacles de luxe and in "straight drama," the danseuse has come—and she is trying mighty hard to conquer. The shimmer of silver tights that moonbeams love to hint at, rather than reveal, has established itself irrevocably as one of the reasons for the screen's ocular appeal. Delectable figurines, gaily caparisoned in half-hose and a string of pearls (and maybe a fur, for it *does* get cold sometimes in Hollywood!) provide a dance feast for the lustful eyes of the Tired Husband. A riot of daring and dames—Califilmenes attractively draped in little more than Eve wore before she met the snake.

But, fortunately, the point of concentration is that demanded by the critical audience of today. For this heady concoction is the only cocktail Mr. Volstead has left us and man always pays to see what he can't get at home free.

Therefore, the public, like all good guests at a feast, is getting dance-intoxicated—and crying for more. The dancer, having "come to visit" the screen has found it so to her liking that she's decided to make it her permanent home. . . . And who objects?

Not I!

Your Favorite Stars in a Beautiful Flexible Album



WE are making a special offer to readers of PANTOMIME of fifty beautiful rotogravure reproductions of photographs of the most famous stars in motion pictures, all mounted in a beautiful album with imitation leather covers.

These rotogravure reproductions are on separate cards and are mounted in the album in a manner so that they may readily be detached without injury to either the card or the album. Each one occupies a separate page in the album as illustrated.

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The album and the fifty rotogravure reproductions of famous stars will be sent to you postpaid upon the

receipt of \$1.00. We retail the pictures alone at three cents for a single one, which makes the album and pictures cost you less than the pictures alone if bought separately.

Your Name in Gold Letters on the Cover of the Album for 25 Cents Additional.

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1600 BROADWAY
NEW YORK.

January 23rd, 1922

Mr. Victor C. Olmsted,
Editor of Pantomime,
1800 Broadway,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

Confirming our conversation of even date, relative to the Pantomime Six Four Contest, we submit the following data for your information.

Four young women will be chosen as winners. Each successful contestant will be given a part in the cast in one of the four forthcoming Harry Rapf productions, which will be distributed by Warner Brothers, and will be paid \$100.00 per week for every week employed.

The four forthcoming Warner attractions are:

"From Rags to Riches", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin May 15th, 1922.

"Little Heroes of the Street", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin July 1st, 1922.

"Brass", the novel written by Charles C. Norris, production to begin September 1st, 1922.

"Main Street", the novel written by Sinclair Lewis, production to begin October 15th, 1922.

The judges of the Pantomime Six Four Contest will be Messrs. Harry Rapf and S.L. Warner.

Very truly yours,

WARNER BROTHERS

Laddie Bonns
Laddie Bonns,
Director of Advertising & Publicity

PANTOMIME has made arrangements with Warner Brothers to place four of our readers in the Movies.

These four readers will be given *real parts* in forthcoming productions and will be paid \$100 weekly.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A BEAUTY TO WIN ONE OF THESE POSITIONS.

Beauty, of course, will not hurt—but it is not essential.

PANTOMIME and Warner Brothers are looking not only for beauty, but for TYPES.

If you think you have a face, and the ability to make a movie actress—in any sort of a role—send your answers to questions on entry blank. Send it to PANTOMIME, together with a photograph of yourself.

Mr. Harry Rapf and Mr. Sam Warner, of the distributing concern, of the productions in which the winners will appear, will be the judges.

That's all there is to it. No fee. No charge of any kind.

Just send a photograph of yourself to PANTOMIME, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Pictures of Contestants will be printed from week to week in PANTOMIME.

Here are the pictures in which the jobs are waiting for you:
FROM RAGS TO RICHES—featuring Wesley Barry.

LITTLE HEROES OF THE STREET—featuring Wesley Barry.

BRASS—The film version of the novel by Charles Norris.

MAIN STREET—The film version of the novel by Sinclair Lewis.

The winners of the role in the first picture will be selected on May 7, 1922, and will begin work on May 15.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than May 1, 1922.

The winner of the role in the second picture will be selected June 24, and will begin work on July 1, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than June 15, 1922.

The winners of the role in the third picture will be selected August 24, and will begin work September 1, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than August 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the fourth picture will be selected October 8, and will begin work October 15, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than October 1, 1922.

THOSE WHO TRY FOR THE FIRST ROLE BUT DO NOT WIN WILL ALSO BE CONSIDERED FOR ALL THE OTHER POSITIONS

HERE IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO GET IN THE MOVIES. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET A REAL JOB ALMOST OVER NIGHT.

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REMEMBER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL. IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE A "SCREEN FACE" SEND US YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE COUPON.

PERHAPS YOU WILL REALIZE YOUR DREAM.

OR IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ENTER THE CONTEST YOURSELF, PERHAPS YOU HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN WIN. GET HER TO ENTER IT. IT'S FREE.

ENTRY BLANK

This blank is printed for your convenience. Plain paper may be used to answer questions.

Name

Street Address

City State

Stage Name

(If you intend adopting one)

Age Height Weight

Color of Eyes Color of Hair

Complexion

Reasons for wanting to get into the movies

.....

.....

.....

.....

This Entry Blank must be accompanied by one or more photographs of the person named in it. One of the photographs must be without a hat. Mark the name and address plainly on the back of each photograph.

\$22,000.00 in PRIZES

Pantomime



Herbert Rawlinson